Wonderland

1906

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MT. RAINIER, WASHINGTON, FROM PARADISE PARK.

WONDERLAND

1906.

By OLIN D. WHEELER.

ILLUSTRATED.

THIS NUMBER DESCRIBES

THE YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK,

A TRIP THROUGH THE BITTERROOT MOUNTAINS,

COLUMBIA RIVER AND PUGET SOUND REGION,

THE QUENIUT INDIANS OF THE NORTHWEST COAST,

AND GIVES

SOME INFORMATION ABOUT ALASKA.

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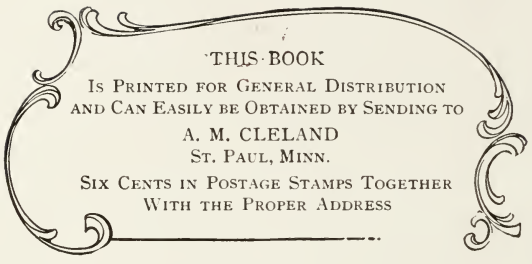


POOLE BROS., CHICAGO.

Our Great National Park

AS OTHERS SEE IT.

One of the interesting things, to me, in connection with Yellowstone Park, our great national park, is to read what foreigners write of it. We are, ourselves, so prone to think that almost everything worth seeing, in the line of natural wonders and scenery, is to be found everywhere except in our own land, that it is not only interesting but instructive to know what travelers from foreign lands think of the nature wonders we can show.

Within the last ten years a large number of European travelers have visited Yellowstone Park, many of them coming for that particular purpose. Some of them have set down in print their impressions and ideas, all highly flattering to the park, while it is perfectly safe to say that every mother's son or daughter of them has been profoundly surprised and impressed by what is to be seen.

I have recently come across an interesting book written by an Englishman of wide travel experience. Maior Sir Rose Lambart Price, Bart.,

Gardiner Station and Entrance Arch.

who spent a summer in 1897 in the Northwest as the guest of General Coppinger, of the United States Army. Major Price, after a summer spent in traveling and in hunting in the Northwest generally, and the Jackson lake country in particular, thus writes in his book, "*A Summer On The Rockies*," published in London, regarding a view of the Tetons and Jackson lake, just south of Yellowstone Park:

"Comparisons are odious; but on looking at this scene of enchantment, I wondered if, in my wanderings over the world, I had ever seen anything that surpassed what I then looked at. The Swiss lakes, the Italian lakes, Killarney, lakes in North America, in South America, in Asia, and in Africa all passed in memory's review—many of them beautiful, but not one of them more so than the vision of loveliness that now lay before me."

Major Price visited the park proper in early October, not the most desirable time to go. He entered it with a camping outfit—the only way the tour can be made at that time, the tourist season closing September 20th—from the south and left it at Gardiner, the terminus of the Northern Pacific branch line, at the north. After leaving the park, he indulges in the following, the excerpt changed slightly to more closely accord with the facts than as known to Major Price, perhaps:

"Thus finished our trip through the Yellowstone National Park. It has been one of the most intense interest 'from find to finish,' * * * * But what a Park it is! What a playground for a nation! Where, in any other country in the world, is there anything like it? It embraces in its limits (sixty-two miles north and south, by fifty-four miles east and west) mountains from ten thousand to fourteen thousand feet above

Between Livingston and Gardiner. Showing Snowy Range and Yellowstone River.

Gardiner Cañon and Eagle Nest Crag, between Gardiner and Mammoth Hot Springs.

the sea—one valley has an elevation of less than six thousand feet; the geysers outclass anything of the kind in the known world. There are over thirty-five that throw a column of hot water from thirty to two hundred and fifty feet in the air, at intervals of from one minute to fourteen days, and often longer.

"The Grand cañon of the Yellowstone, twenty miles long, with an average depth of twelve hundred feet, unsurpassed for brilliancy of colouring by anything in nature; the Mammoth Hot Springs, with their coloured terraces; cliffs of volcanic glass; waterfalls; mountains of petrifications; hills of brimstone; everlastingly snow-clad peaks—all these, with many more, too numerous to mention, are embraced in the People's Park, and over a thousand miles of some of the best trout fishing in the world is thrown in to help them to enjoy it. Our American cousins have every right to feel proud of their magnificent playground, and they have conferred a benefit on the entire world by preserving it in its entirety for the national use. It makes me shudder to think what might have happened, but for the wise forethought that dedicated this grand property to the people of America and their heirs forever."

This is the calm statement of a deliberate, sane, cool, English world traveler, and it coincides with the expressions of practically all travelers. Such opinions should cause those Americans who are abundantly able to do so, and yet do not visit the park, to question their motives and actions and revise them.

A year or two ago a large party of Germans direct from Germany visited the park. I became engaged in conversation with one of them, an elderly man, at the Upper geyser basin.

"I went through the park fourteen years ago," said he, "and I have returned to see it once more. I find many changes for the better in

Mountain Sheep, near Mammoth Hot Springs.

the roads and hotels; it is a wonderful spot and is now so easily to be seen."

One fact I have found to be almost universal; that the man or woman who has seen the park once is most anxious to see it a second or third time.

That the situation is, to an extent, improving is shown by the number of tourists passing through the park in 1904 and again in 1905, the latter the banner year. In round numbers there were nearly twenty-seven thousand people who were surprised, amazed, pleased, and educated by what they saw there in 1905. It really seemed as if the American people were awakening to the fact that they possess the most wonderful spot on the globe in these 3,312 square miles of hydro-thermal phenomena. It is to be hoped that this *is* a fact. With the tremendous expenditures recently made by the Government—about $1,000,000 in the last five years—in improvements "for the benefit and enjoyment of the people," to which the park is dedicated; with the expensive improvements made by the Hotel Association—rebuilding old and constructing new hotels—for the same purpose; with the unequalled and unique stage coach tour of one hundred and forty-three miles over the best roads, and mostly sprinkled ones, in the United States; with the most astounding scenery to be found anywhere, and all this in a delightful mountain region conducive to health, pleasure, refreshment, and the broadest sort of education, there is little or no excuse for people imitating the Levite of old and passing by on the other side.

If we show our own appreciation for such places in our own land, the people from other lands will flock thither as we now do to the Continent, and, from a commercial standpoint alone, we will reap practical and pecuniary benefits.

And what a galaxy of such wonder spots we have! Were Haw-

thorne alive he could write a new Wonderbook along different lines from the old one and the themes would be entirely worthy of his graceful pen.

THE WASHBURN-DOANE EXPLORATION.

In WONDERLAND 1905 I descanted at some length upon the early explorations of the Yellowstone region, and particularly upon the Washburn-Doane expedition. I am constrained to return to this subject, for two reasons. The early explorations and discoveries in this

Terraces and Hotel, Mammoth Hot Springs.

region form a fascinating subject; and the Washburn-Doane exploration was an all-important one in its particular relation to the park.

This expedition left Helena, Montana, on August 17, 1870, and returned to civilization on September 22d-27th of the same year. The explorations of this party constituted the real discovery of what is now Yellowstone Park, and to their efforts also is due the establishment of the park.

Four of the party kept diaries of the exploration. General Washburn's was a very brief one, a fact to be regretted, and, I think, has never been published. Mr Hedges's journal was much more extended and has been published in Vol. V, *Contributions, Historical Society of*

Montana. Lieut. Doane kept a splendid record of the travels of the party which was published by the War Department.

Mr. Langford was the real diarist and historian of the party and was recognized as such. He is a man blessed with a great deal of foresight, and Western history is much indebted to him on this account.

Fort Yellowstone, Mammoth Hot Springs.

He spent long hours in writing when the remainder of the party were asleep at night or resting during the day. For years his journal has lain quiet and undisturbed waiting the proper time for its appearance, and this lengthy and interesting account of that great exploration has but recently been published under the title of *The Discovery of Yellowstone Park—1870*, and it forms a valuable addition to the original literature of the park.

Coming at an interval of thirty-five years after the exploration and when the park is known the earth over as the World's own Wonderland, this story of discovery with its pictures of adventure and the primitive conditions then prevailing, is a dip into the past alluring, refreshing, and instructive.

A SUMMER RESORT.

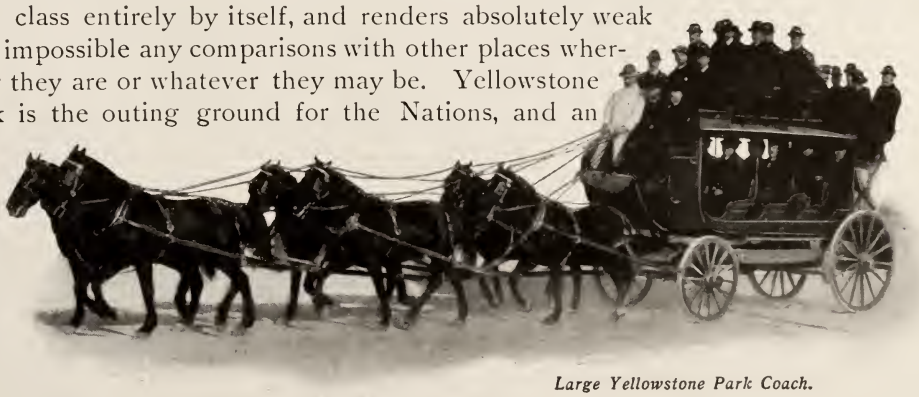
The park season extends from June 1st to September 20th of each year. This is the season when "hot waves" playfully wander over the country making life generally, especially in cities, miserable, and causing widespread mortality among the young and weak.

More and more each year humanity seeks comfort at this time by breaking away to the country, to the hills, the mountains, the sea-coast. The trouble is that much of humanity doesn't break far enough away. They do get a change of scene and surroundings, which counts for more or less, undoubtedly, but the contrasts and benefits which come in making more radical changes are not found. Scenes of a different type, an atmosphere purer and more rarefied, and pronounced changes

in elevation are what count most in rest and rejuvenation. To go from the prairies or sea-coast to the cool, clean, high Rockies where air is found in God's own purity and water filters from the untainted hills, means the greatest possible opportunity to build up and strengthen one's physical and spiritual self. Through all the length and breadth of this broad land there is not a better place for pure, wholesome recreation than Yellowstone Park. Entirely aside from the wonderful phenomena found there, it is the ideal spot for a long summer vacation or outing. Of an average elevation above sea level of from six thousand five hundred to eight thousand feet, the days are warm, but not hot and oppressive, the nights are always cool, and sleep is sure and refreshing. There are nooks and corners to be searched out, mountains to climb, cañons and waterfalls to see, valleys to explore, and parks for camping parties to picnic in, trout streams innumerable to be whipped, and a general good, healthy, honest, old-fashioned enjoyment to be found.

The hotels are now as much a matter of wonder as are the geysers and wild animals. Located at stated intervals, where the peculiar sights of the park are best to be seen, these large yet comfortable homes in the wilderness surprise by their completeness and, in some cases, their uniqueness and beauty. In the very heart of the mountains, they are, yet, brilliant with electric illumination at night, and the chill of the mountain air at morn and eve is tempered by the genial warmth of the steam radiator and the cheer and sparkle of the log fire.

Add to this the fact that there are found here something like four thousand hot springs, large and small; a hundred geysers, big and little; fifty beautiful lakes, ranging from the large Yellowstone lake to very small lakelets; innumerable rivers and creeks well filled with trout; several glorious cañons; more than one hundred mountain peaks; nearly thirty waterfalls; large herds of deer, elk, and antelope; many black and grizzly bears, and a goodly herd of bison, or buffaloes, one can readily see that a rare diversification sets this National Park aside, in a class entirely by itself, and renders absolutely weak and impossible any comparisons with other places wherever they are or whatever they may be. Yellowstone Park is the outing ground for the Nations, and an



Large Yellowstone Park Coach.

Jupiter and Pulpit Terraces, Mammoth Hot Springs.

entire season spent there is too little time to thoroughly see and enjoy it. Therefore, reader, while the regular tourist trip of six days, from Livingston through the park and return, answers well indeed the requirements of those who must economize both time and money, if possible arrange to remain weeks instead of days in this great Wonderland of God in the mountains, and become saturated with the divine thoughts, inspirations, and impulses which flow from an intimate communion with Nature as found in this remarkable spot.

PARK IMPROVEMENTS.

In WONDERLAND 1905 I enlarged upon the recent improvements and additions to travel comfort in the park, and shall but briefly refer to them here. The heavy expenditures of the Government, too long delayed, have finally served to complete, practically, the road system, a large and important feature of park comfort; to install a long desired system of water works and irrigation at Mammoth Hot Springs, the Capital of the park; to establish an impressive and dignified entrance to the park at Gardiner; to erect needed buildings, and to endeavor to preserve the various herds of wild animals and rehabilitate the park herd of bison, recently so perilously near extermination. These are the more important matters.

A Yellowstone Park Bear Posing for his Picture.

The old system of roads has been entirely re-engineered; the roads shortened, straitened, widened, regraded, rebridged with steel or concrete, macadamized or the equivalent, and they now form, sprinkled daily as they are, the finest extended system of natural dirt roads in this country. They now aggregate one hundred and forty-three miles. When the new road via Dunraven pass and Tower fall is opened for regular travel, these figures will be slightly modified.

The system of waterworks at Mammoth Hot Springs has caused the complete transformation of that place. In lieu of the old, white, dreary, travertine plain in front of the hotel and Fort Yellowstone, a

Fountain Geyser, Lower Geyser Basin.

beautiful green carpeted space greets the eye, and graceful cement sidewalks wind here and there.

The great $10,000 lava archway at Gardiner, whose corner stone President Roosevelt laid, forms an imposing, lofty entrance befitting the great park.

The Yellowstone Park Transportation Company and the Hotel Association have also made extended additions in recent years. The horse herd has been replenished and increased, a large number of new Park Concord coaches have been purchased and extensive orders placed for additional equipment for 1906. These park coaches, be it remembered, are a modified and improved Concord coach of the old days, made in Concord, New Hampshire.

The improvement in hotels will strike the visitor most forcibly. The old hotels have been modernized and enlarged in room capacity where necessary. The hotel at the Yellowstone lake outlet has been more

Bedroom in Old Faithful Inn.

than doubled in size, equipped with modern conveniences and given a bran-new front, and now is a most imposing, symmetrical, Colonial style building. The interior has been much changed, too, and more than ever this spot is the one for good, quiet, restful relaxation and gentle lounging. The beautiful lake stretches away to the south for twenty miles, in full view from the rooms and lofty porches of the hotels.

Old Faithful Inn, the most unique and startling structure of the sort in the world, probably, has been looked upon with wonder and admired by every tourist to the park, since its erection. Constructed of logs and boulders found near at hand it is truly as much a product of the park as is the noble geyser close by from which it derives its name. Genius and art have combined to bring forth at this unusual place a hotel home that, while put together of homely natural materials, is yet a handsome and refined structure and one provided with all the conveniences and necessities demanded by modern and exacting travel. With a capacity exceeding three hundred people it provides what has long been lacking at this point, a thoroughly satisfactory hotel where one may stop as long as one likes, during the season, to view and study the most peculiar phenomena in the park. Many, who never primarily planned so to do, have been so charmed and impressed by this original architectural creation, that they have changed their plans and remained here indefinitely for the simple pleasure of living within its comfortable and surprising walls. Of all the wonders of the park, Old Faithful Inn is certainly not the least.

THROUGH THE PARK.

Leaving the railway at Gardiner the large six-horse coaches are entered on the opposite side of the station platform, and, after passing through the great arch, the route lies along Gardiner river past Eagle Nest crag to Fort Yellowstone and Mammoth Hot Springs, where the afternoon is spent in viewing the beautiful springs and travertine terraces. These consist, principally, of Liberty Cap, Pulpit, Jupiter, Angel, and Cleopatra terraces with their accompanying springs, Cupid's cave, the White Elephant, Bath lake, Orange geyser, and many smaller vents and caves and steam fissures. These rise tier above tier, and form a wonderful medley of springs on the side of Terrace mountain.

Leaving Mammoth Hot Springs the morning succeeding arrival, if the regular plan is followed, the route leads through Silver Gate, Golden Gate, across Swan Lake valley, past Willow park, Apollinaris spring,

Obsidian cliff, of natural obsidian glass, Beaver lake, Roaring mountain, a hillside of a thousand steam vents, the Frying Pan and other sulphurous springs, to Norris geyser basin, where luncheon is eaten in a comfortable building overlooking the basin. An hour or more is occupied in inspecting this curious spot, where the Constant, Monarch, Pearl, New Crater, Vixen, Minute Man, Congress, Inkstand, and other geysers and springs are found. The most noteworthy thing here is a steam geyser of enormous power, formerly the Black Growler and the Hurricane, which is the star performer of its kind in the park.

The afternoon finds the coaches threading Gibbon cañon, the road following the windings of beautiful Gibbon river, and then, crossing a

Castle and Bee Hive Geysers, Upper Geyser Basin.

slight divide, continuing along the Firehole river to the Fountain hotel at Lower geyser basin. On this ride Beryl spring, the Falls of the Gibbon river, eighty feet high, and the Cascades of the Firehole are seen. The cañon itself is a fine one of timbered slopes and rocky palisades, and there is much variety to be found. The Firehole river is a large and beautiful one.

LOWER AND MIDWAY GEYSER BASINS.

These basins are very closely allied, and together constitute quite a large area. The Fountain, Great Fountain, Clepsydra, Steady, Black

Old Faithful Inn and Coach Load of Tourists.

Warrior, and White Dome geysers; the Firehole lake, Surprise, Mushroom, Buffalo, Five Sisters and a hundred other springs, and the Mammoth Paint Pots are matters of interest at the Lower basin, and Excelsior geyser, Prismatic lake, and Turquoise pool at the Midway.

The Fountain and Great Fountain geysers are perfect of their kind. These, like Excelsior when active, expel their contents in huge avalanches, unlike the cone geysers, and as they are in eruption at quite regular intervals, tourists can easily see one or the other or both. The Paint Pots are caldrons of clay beautifully colored and always boiling and "plopping." Excelsior geyser has been quiescent for years, but its large crater can be seen. Prismatic lake is the largest and, many think, the most beautiful spring in the park. It is between two hundred and three hundred feet in diameter, with clouds of steam rising from its surface.

UPPER GEYSER BASIN.

Nine miles from the Fountain hotel lies the Upper basin, the most weird spot of the sort in the universe. Just before reaching it Biscuit

Old Faithful Inn—Office and Lounging Room.

Old Faithful Inn—Dining Room.

basin, where there are several geysers and springs, is seen across the Firehole river.

At the Upper basin are found the largest number of spouting geysers in the park or world. The discovery of this basin by the Washburn party is thus described by Mr. Langford:

"Monday, September 19.—When we left Yellowstone lake two days ago, the desire for home had superseded all thought of further explorations. We had within a distance of fifty miles seen what we believed to be the greatest wonders of the continent. We were convinced that there was not on the globe another region where within the same limits Nature had crowded so much of grandeur and majesty with so much of novelty and wonder. Judge, then, of our astonishment on entering this basin, to see at no great distance before us an immense body of sparkling water, projected suddenly and with terrific force into the air to the height of over one hundred feet. We had found a real geyser. In the valley before us were a thousand hot springs of various sizes and character, and five hundred craters jetting forth vapor. On an incrusted hill opposite our camp are four craters from three to five feet in diameter, sending forth steam jets and water to the height of four or five feet. But the marvelous features of this wonderful basin are its spouting geysers, of which during our brief stay of twenty-two hours we have seen twelve in action. Six of these threw water to the height of from fifteen to twenty feet, but in the presence of others of immense dimensions they soon ceased to attract attention.

Elk in Hayden Valley.

Old Faithful Inn.

A Park Deer. New Horns in the Velvet.

"Of the latter six, the one we saw in action on entering the basin ejected from a crevice of irregular form, and about four feet long by three wide, a column of water of corresponding magnitude to the height of one hundred feet. Around this crevice or mouth the sediment is piled in many capricious shapes, chiefly indented globules from six inches to two feet in diameter. Little hollows in the crust filled with water contained small white spheres of tufa, of the size of a nutmeg, formed as it seemed to me around some nuclei.

"We gave such names to those of the geysers which we saw in action as we think will best illustrate their peculiarities. The one I have just described General Washburn has named 'Old Faithful,' because of the regularity of its eruptions, the intervals between which being from sixty to sixty-five minutes, the column of water being thrown at each eruption to the height of from eighty to one hundred feet."

The great geysers found here, besides Old Faithful which still continues its eruptions with the same regularity, are the Giant and Giantess, Lion and Lioness, Grand, Beehive, Castle, Splendid, and Riverside. Besides these there are lesser ones as to eruptions, but not less interesting as geysers. Such are the Economic, Sawmill, Turban, Fan, and Oblong.

Many of these can be seen from the Old Faithful Inn, and at night a monster searchlight is turned on Old Faithful and any other geysers that may be playing, from the roof top of the Inn and the effect is beautiful in the extreme.

Emerald Pool, Upper Geyser Basin.

Beauty and the Beast.

YELLOWSTONE LAKE.

Leaving the Upper basin the road, passing Keppler's cascade, one similar to the Cascades of the Firehole, crosses the Continental Divide twice, at elevations of about eight thousand three hundred feet, and reaches the lake at the extremity of the West Arm, where there is a new lunch station.

This mountain ride is a wild exhilarating one, and at Shoshone point we obtain a very fine view embracing Shoshone lake and the Three Tetons, the latter miles distant and nearly fourteen thousand feet in height.

In the early days Yellowstone lake appears to have been the most important part of this region. It was the ultimate object of the Washburn-Doane expedition at starting and when the party had passed around the southern end of it they cut directly across to the Upper geyser basin. Langford, at their first camp on the lake, wrote this in his diary:

"Yellowstone lake, as seen from our camp to-night, seems to me to be the most beautiful body of water in the world. In front of our camp it has a wide sandy beach like that of the ocean, which extends for miles and as far as the eye can reach, save that occasionally there is to be found a sharp projection of rocks."

Nearly all traveler-writers have paid high tribute to this remarkable body of water. Folsom, who was there in 1869, wrote this of it:

"As we were about departing on our homeward trip we ascended the summit of a neighboring hill and took a final look at Yellowstone lake. Nestled among the forest-crowned hills which bounded our vision, lay this inland sea, its crystal waves dancing and sparkling in the sunlight as if laughing with joy for their wild freedom. It is a scene of transcendent beauty which has been viewed by but few white men, and we felt glad to have looked upon it before its primeval solitude should be broken by the crowds of pleasure seekers which at no distant day will throng its shores."

The lake lies about one and one-half miles above sea level and has an average depth of only about thirty feet. There are several islands in it and it is a most picturesque and noble body of water, noted for the prodigious number of salmon trout that are found in it.

At the West Arm lunch station there are more exquisite Paint Pots, the hot spring fishing cone, some large and beautiful hot pools, and one or two interesting geysers. Near the Colonial hotel

A Park Elk.

the Natural bridge, seen from the coaches, is a rather interesting curiosity, somewhat at variance with most of the phenomena.

MUD VULCANO—THE FALLS—THE GRAND CAÑON.

About half way between the lake and the Grand cañon the road passes one of the most remarkable areas in the park. With one exception what is seen is quite unlovely, even repulsive to some, but, as Major Chittenden well says is "nevertheless, a very fascinating feature and one which the tourist should stop and examine." This is Mud Volcano, and the satellite phenomena about it. The volcano is quite commonly but erroneously called Mud geyser. There *is* a mud geyser here, nearer the road and below the volcano, but it is now rarely active. These phenomena were seen and briefly described by Folsom in 1869, but the Washburn-Doane party camped here in 1870, and Hedges, Doane, and Langford all refer to the wonderful spot, Langford and Doane at much length. At that time both geyser and volcano were in a state of violent activity, and the names Mud geyser and Mud volcano were then applied to them. The volcano then expelled the mud particles to a perpendicular height of three hundred feet and, horizontally, to two hundred feet. It was dangerous to approach it, and Mr. Hedges was hurled to the ground at one explosion and his life endangered. In 1871–2 the volcano was but mildly active, as has been its usual condition since that time.

At the head of a shallow ravine below and to the west of the volcano is the beautiful little Gothic Grotto, so named by Doane, and well described by him and also by Langford. It is similar to the volcano, except that it is small, the water perfectly clear, and it is as attractive as the other is repulsive.

It was here that the Nez Percés under Chief Joseph, in the war of 1877, crossed the Yellowstone river on their way out of the park with General Howard in pursuit.

The road now crosses Hayden valley giving one a view of the trade

Yellowstone Lake.

mark of the Northern Pacific railway as formed by nature in the strange convolutions of Trout creek. This valley is a very large and beautiful one, and is occupied, farther to the west, by herds of elk.

The region centering about the Grand cañon is the climax of earthly grandeur. Words and phrases are inadequate to extol its glories, orators stand dumb here in the presence of Nature's immensities. The mental condition of most persons as they first gaze upon this profound scene,—cañon, falls, and river, with their amazing colors and sculptures—is well stated by Mr. Langford:

"Wednesday, August 31—This has been a 'redletter' day with me, and one which I shall not soon forget, for my mind is clogged and my memory confused by what I have to-day seen. General Washburn and Mr. Hedges are sitting near me, writing, and we have an understanding that we will compare our notes when finished. We are all overwhelmed with astonishment and wonder at what we have seen, and we feel that we have been near the very presence of the Almighty. General Washburn has just quoted from the psalm:

> 'When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, * * * *
> What is man that thou art mindful of him?'

"My own mind is so confused that I hardly know where to commence in making a

Upper Fall of the Yellowstone, Grand Cañon.

clear record of what is at this moment floating past my mental vision. I cannot confine myself to a bare description of the falls of the Yellowstone alone, for these two great cataracts are but one feature in a scene composed of so many of the elements of grandeur and sublimity, that I almost despair of giving to those who on our return home will listen to a recital of our adventures, the faintest conception of it. The immense cañon, or gorge of rocks through which the river descends, perhaps more than the falls, is calculated to fill the observer with feelings of mingled awe and terror."

Folsom, in 1869, expressed his feelings in these words:

"We spent the next day at the falls—a day that was a succession of surprises; and we returned to camp realizing, as we had never done before, how utterly insignificant

are man's mightiest efforts when compared with the fulfillment of Omnipotent will. Language is entirely inadequate to convey a just conception of the awful grandeur and sublimity of this masterpiece of nature's handiwork."

Hedges writes briefly but his sentences mean a great deal:

"All went to see falls. I went afoot and alone and have too much and too great satisfaction and delight to relate. Staid two hours in one spot below main falls, with full view and drank in inspiration."

There are three distinct elements in the scene here which, either

Colonial Hotel, Yellowstone Lake.

separately or combined, are powerful and impressive,—the cañon and each fall.

As to the falls, they are so entirely unlike that comparisons are impossible, and opinions differ as to their merits. This divergence of opinion is well shown in the following excerpts from Langford and Doane of the same expedition and who saw the falls under the same conditions. Langford, after a beautiful description of the Upper fall, concludes :

"Very beautiful as is this fall, it is greatly excelled in grandeur and magnificence by the cataract half a mile below it, where the river takes another perpendicular plunge of three hundred and twenty feet into the most gloomy cavern that ever received so majestic a visitant. Between the two falls, the river, though bordered by lofty precipices, expands in width and flows gently over a nearly level surface until its near approach to the verge. Here a sudden convergence in the rocks compresses its channel, and with a gurgling, choking struggle, it leaps with a single bound, sheer from an even level shelf, into the tremendous chasm. The sheet could not be more perfect if wrought by art. The Almighty has vouchsafed no grander scene to human eyes. Every object that meets the vision increases in sublimity. There is a majestic harmony in the whole, which I have never seen before in nature's grandest works. The fall itself takes its leap between the jaws of rocks whose vertical height above it is more than six hundred feet, and more than nine hundred feet above the chasm into which it falls. Long before it reaches the base it is enveloped in spray which is woven by the sun's rays into bows radiant with all the colors of the prism, and arching the face of the cataract with their glories."

Doane says:

"Both of these cataracts deserve to be ranked among the great waterfalls of the

A Meal a la Carte.

continent. No adequate standard of comparison between such objects, either in beauty or grandeur, can well be obtained. Every great cascade has a language and an idea peculiarly its own, embodied, as it were, in the flow of its waters. Thus the impression on the mind conveyed by Niagara may be summed up as 'Overwhelming power;' of the Yosemite, as 'Altitude;' of the Shoshone Fall, in the midst of a desert, as 'Going to Waste.' So the upper fall of the Yellowstone may be said to embody the idea of 'Momentum,' and the lower fall of 'Gravitation.' In scenic beauty, the upper cataract far excels the lower. It has life, animation, while the lower one simply follows its channel; both, however, are eclipsed, as it were, by the singular wonders of the mighty cañon below."

If there are diversities of opinion as to the falls, there are none as to the cañon, nor indeed can there well be. If in quoting from the opinions of others as to the beauties and wonders of the park I seem at this time to prefer those of an earlier day, it is simply because a fresh perusal of their writings profoundly impresses me that they who first penetrated these wilds and saw and wrote, have left a descriptive record that has not been surpassed if, indeed, it has been equalled.

Folsom, Doane, Langford, and Stanley in *Rambles in Wonderland*, have left us word pictures that will endure long after they have all been gathered to their fathers, and I know of no descriptive work since they wrote that excels theirs.

Stanley, after a day spent in rambling about the cañon walls in 1873, writes:

"The cañon commencing at the upper cataract is here fully two thousand feet [by far too large an estimate] above the bed of the stream, its almost vertical sides carved by the aqueous forces and atmospheric agencies into towers, turrets, domes, castles, spiral columns, and deep caverns and chambers of all shapes and dimensions, of great architectural beauty, the Gothic columns and vast escarpments all gorgeously arrayed in lively colors of almost every conceivable hue, beautifully blending into each other, showing the handiwork of a skillful architect and artist.

"Looking down the river, the vast gorge increases in depth, and from its gray, shelving summits fringed with pines, or its bold promontories, you can peer into the awful depths below filled with clouds of rising spray, and made lively by the echo of the mighty torrent and the rush of maddened billows. The mind is overwhelmed with the grandeur and marvelous beauty of the scene, and completely captivated by the irresistible fascinations of the place, with its weird surroundings, so unlike anything ever seen before."

Doane, after a long dissertation covering an exhaustive experience in climbing down the precipitous channel of a creek to the very bottom of the flaming gorge, closes thus:

"There are perhaps other cañons longer and deeper than this one, but surely none combining grandeur and immensity with peculiarity of formation and profusion of volcanic or chemical phenomena."

In 1872, Harry J. Norton of Virginia City, Montana, made an extensive tour of the park and "wrote it up" in WONDERLAND ILLUSTRATED.

An observation that he makes regarding the cañon I am tempted to reproduce here:

"There is no painful glare of one color prominent over another; the great Artist has used each brush deftly, and with His divinely exquisite touches each tint and shade is so perfectly blended that the mighty walls seem as if built by the equal commingling of all the precious metals of the world! The bright sunlight pours over the immense barrier with all its dazzling rays against the imprisoning walls, and, reflecting from side to side, is melted into an amber flood of mellow light; while the beautiful surroundings, canopied o'er by the soft blue dome of an autumnal sky, give forth Nature's warmest, kindliest smile to her ardently worshipping children."

To quote again from Mr. Langford:

"The colors of the rock, which is shaly in character, are variegated with yellow,

Great Fall and Point Lookout, Grand Cañon.

gray and brown, and the action of the water in its rapid passage down the sides of the cañon has worn the fragments of shale into countless capricious forms. Jets of steam issue from the sides of the cañon at frequent intervals, marking the presence of thermal springs and active volcanic forces. The evidence of a recession of the river through the cañon is designated by the ridges apparent on its sides, and it is not improbable that at no distant day the lower fall will become blended by this process with the upper, forming a single cataract nearly five hundred feet in height."

And then, after meditating upon the wondrous things he had seen and, nearly overwhelmed by it all, he concludes:

"Yes! This stupendous display of nature's handiwork will be to me 'a joy for-

Buffaloes at Mammoth Hot Springs.

ever.' It lingers in my memory like the faintly defined outlines of a dream. I can scarcely realize that in the unbroken solitude of this majestic range of rocks, away from civilization and almost inaccessible to human approach, the Almighty has placed so many of the most wonderful and magnificent objects of his creation, and that I am to be one of the few first to bring them to the notice of the world. Truly has it been said, that we live to learn how little may be known, and of what we see, how much surpasses comprehension."

None who have seen this marvelous gorge, the culmination of sculpture and color glory, will take issue with any of these men who, seeing its grandeur when it was being wasted in the wilderness, and coming upon it after hardships and toils that those of the present know nothing of, were better qualified, perhaps, to appreciate its glories and depict them to us.

Bruin Considering.

A splendid roadway down the north side of the cañon to Inspiration point, and another, crossing the river near the Upper fall by the new $20,000 concrete bridge, to Artist's point, enable tourists to see the finer part of the Grand cañon and both falls with a minimum of effort. The bridge is a most graceful structure, and fills a want long felt.

WILD ANIMALS.

There are large and interesting herds of elk, deer, antelope, and mountain sheep in the park. Also many black, brown, and grizzly bears.

At Mammoth Hot Springs the herd of bison, or buffaloes, is to be seen, a very interesting sight, and the number gradually

increasing yearly by natural means. The sheep and antelopes are not usually seen, as these retire in summer to the remoter hills and valleys.

In the late fall and during the winter and spring the deer, sheep, elk, bison, and antelopes may be seen on the hills and in the valleys around Gardiner and Mammoth Hot Springs. Those who care particularly to see these animals in their native state can be comfortably accommodated at the Cottage hotel at the Springs for several weeks after the regular park season closes and in the spring before the regular hotel opens, June 1st, and means of conveyance can be found between Gardiner and the Springs.

The bears are seen at all the hotels except at Mammoth Hot Springs. They troop in to the garbage piles morning and evening, in numbers from two or three to thirty, and afford great amusement. If not encroached upon there is no danger in watching them.

The elk are seen here and there along the road and the deer likewise, the latter, some years, frequenting the vicinity of one or more of the hotels.

These animals, in their natural state and unafraid, add a most interesting and contrasting element to the sights of the park and are greatly enjoyed by the tourists.

TROUT.

Nearly all the streams of the park have trout in them,—Rocky Mountain, Rainbow, Eastern Brook, Von Behr, Loch Leven,—and lake trout are found at various points convenient to the hotels, and Yellowstone lake is full of salmon trout.

These waters are free to all anglers under a few wise, simple restrictions enforced by the Acting Superintendent of the park. The choice spots for trouting may be learned readily each year from the hotel managers.

The park has the reputation, and justly so, of being one of the great-

The Gallatin Range, from Inaian Creek.

Observation Car.

est fishing preserves in the world. The Yellowstone river, near Yancey's, is a favorite place for those who enjoy real sport. It is reached most conveniently by a drive from Mammoth Hot Springs. The Government keeps the streams stocked with trout.

SIDE EXCURSIONS.

I have suggested that one, in going to Yellowstone Park, should plan to remain weeks instead of days. As some incentive for this I will briefly outline a few side trips of interest.

Manifestly it is not possible, in a brief tour, to thoroughly "do" such a place as the park. The principal objects *are* seen and a good general idea obtained, but explorations, fishing excursions, and picnickings to outlying places, as well as detailed examination of the vicinages about the hotels, is practicable only when a more or less prolonged stay is made.

Dining Car.

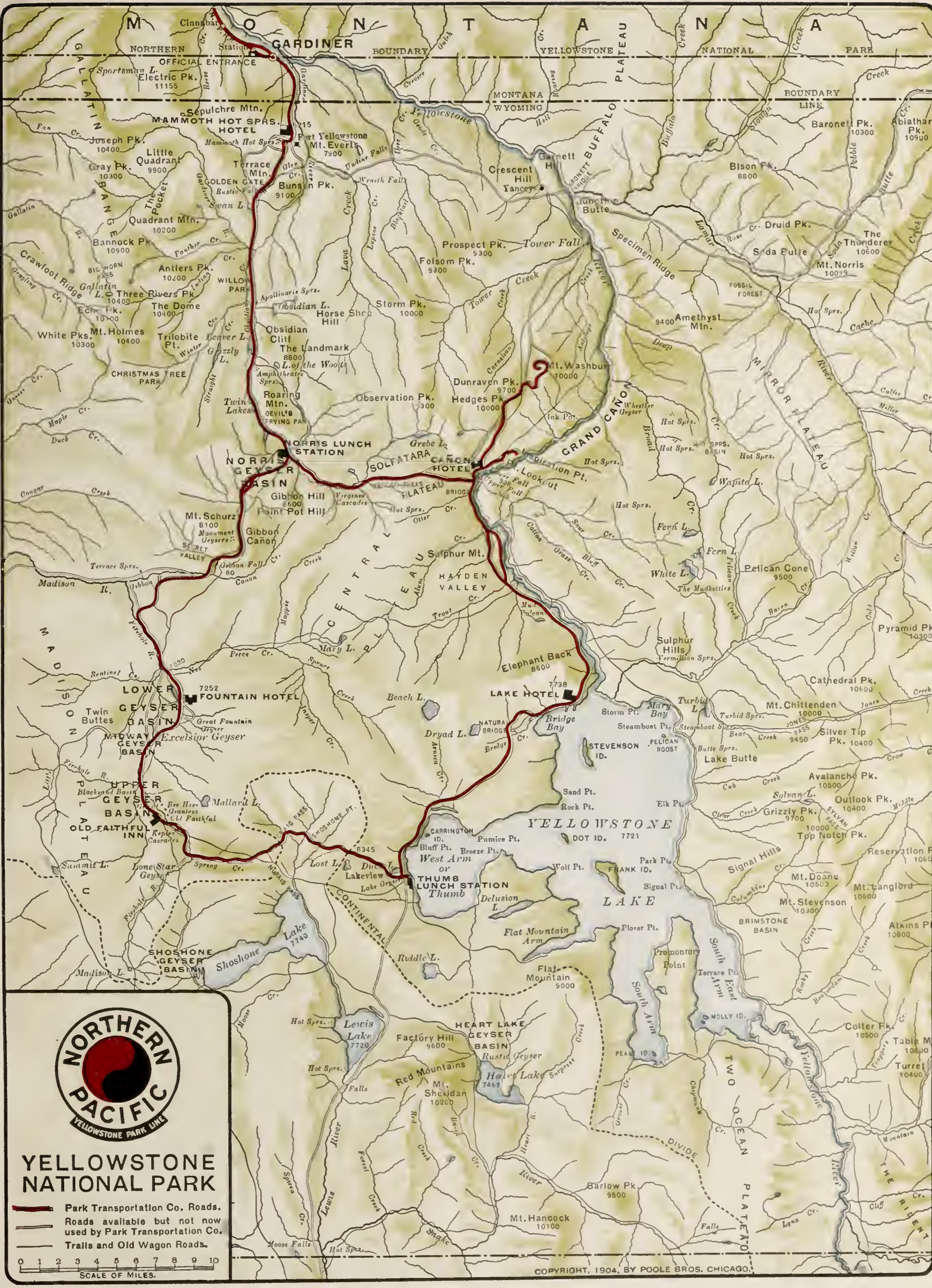
From Mammoth Hot Springs numerous trips may be made. Horseback rides in many directions, the ascents of Electric and Bunsen peaks and Mt. Everts, a drive around Bunsen peak, which includes a view of the fall and cañon of the Middle Gardiner river, the finest in the park outside of the Grand cañon and falls, are all easy of accomplishment. Trouting excursions are many and easily made.

Pullman Standard Sleeping Car.

An extended trip may be taken to Yancey's and Tower fall, and from there up the Lamar river to the Fossil forest, Specimen ridge, Soda butte, Death gulch, the Hoo-doo country, etc. This part of the park is little known and comprises some of the grandest scenery and fishing to be found in the Rocky mountains.

From Norris geyser basin, where small parties can be housed in comfort, a very interesting trip may be made to Monument geyser basin, near the head of Gibbon cañon, and a thousand feet above the river. This

Pullman Tourist Sleeping Car.



YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK
NORTHERN PACIFIC
YELLOWSTONE PARK LINE
Park Transportation Co. Roads.
Roads available but not now used by Park Transportation Co.
Trails and Old Wagon Roads.
0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10
SCALE OF MILES.
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M O N T A N A
NORTHERN BOUNDARY YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK
MONTANA
WYOMING
BOUNDARY LINE
Cinnabar
GARDINER
OFFICIAL ENTRANCE
GALLATIN RANGE
BUFFALO PLATEAU
Sportsman L.
Electric Pk. 11155
Sepulchre Mtn.
MAMMOTH HOT SPRS. HOTEL
Mammoth Hot Sprs.
Fort Yellowstone
Mt. Everts 7900
Joseph Pk. 10400
Little Quadrant 9900
Gray Pk. 10300
Terrace Mtn.
GOLDEN GATE
Bunsen Pk. 9100
The Pocket
Swan L.
Quadrant Mtn. 10200
Undine Falls
Wraith Fall
Lava Creek
Crescent Hill
Yancey's
Garnett Hill
Junction Butte
Baronett Pk. 10300
Abiathar Pk. 10900
Bison Pk. 8800
Druid Pk.
Soda Butte
The Thunderer 10600
Mt. Norris 10019
Lamar R.
Specimen Ridge
FOSSIL FOREST
Bannock Pk. 10900
Antlers Pk. 10200
WILLOW PARK
Crawfoot Ridge
Gallatin L.
Three Rivers Pk. 10400
Echo Pk. 10100
The Dome 10400
White Pks. 10300
Mt. Holmes 10400
Trilobite Pt.
Beaver L.
Grizzly L.
CHRISTMAS TREE PARK
Apollinaris Sprs.
Obsidian L.
Obsidian Cliff
The Landmark 8800
L. of the Woods
Horse Shoe Hill
Storm Pk. 10000
Prospect Pk. 9300
Folsom Pk. 9300
Tower Fall
Tower Creek
Amethyst Mtn. 9400
MIRROR PLATEAU
Mt. Washburn 10000
Dunraven Pk. 9700
Hedges Pk. 10000
Observation Pk. 9300
Amphitheatre Sprs.
Roaring Mtn.
DEVIL'S FRYING PAN
Twin Lakes
NORRIS LUNCH STATION
NORRIS GEYSER BASIN
Grebe L.
SOLFATARA PLATEAU
CAÑON HOTEL
GRAND CAÑON
Inspiration Pt.
Pt. Lookout
Upper Fall
Lower Fall
Ink Pot
Whistler Geyser
Hot Sprs.
Wapiti L.
Gibbon Hill 8600
Paint Pot Hill
Virginia Cascades
Mt. Schurz 8100
Monument Geysers
Gibbon Cañon
SECRET VALLEY
Gibbon Fall
Terrace Sprs.
Madison R.
CENTRAL PLATEAU
Sulphur Mt.
HAYDEN VALLEY
Alum Cr.
Trout Cr.
Mud Volcano
Fern L.
White L.
The Mudkettles
Pelican Cone 9500
Pyramid Pk. 10300
MADISON PLATEAU
Firehole R.
Mary L.
Elephant Back 8600
Sulphur Hills
Vermillion Sprs.
Cathedral Pk. 10600
LOWER GEYSER BASIN
FOUNTAIN HOTEL 7252
Twin Buttes
Great Fountain Geyser
MIDWAY GEYSER BASIN
Excelsior Geyser
Beach L.
LAKE HOTEL 7738
Storm Pt.
Mary Bay
Turbid L.
Mt. Chittenden 10000
Bridge Bay
Steamboat Pt.
JONES PASS 9450
Silver Tip Pk. 10400
Dryad L.
NATURAL BRIDGE
STEVENSON ID.
PELICAN ROOST
Lake Butte
UPPER GEYSER BASIN
Mallard L.
Bee Hive
Giantess
Old Faithful
OLD FAITHFUL INN
Kepler Cascades
Sand Pt.
Rock Pt.
Elk Pt.
Avalanche Pk. 10500
Outlook Pk. 10400
Grizzly Pk. 9700
SYLVAN PASS
Sylvan L.
Top Notch Pk. 10000
YELLOWSTONE LAKE
DOT ID. 7721
CARRINGTON ID.
Pumice Pt.
Bluff Pt.
Breeze Pt.
West Arm or Thumb
THUMB LUNCH STATION
Lakeview
Duck L.
Lost L.
8345
SHOSHONE PT.
Summit L.
Lone Star Geyser
Spring Cr.
Wolf Pt.
FRANK ID.
Park Pt.
Signal Pt.
Signal Hills
Reservation Pk.
Mt. Doane 10500
Mt. Langford 10600
Mt. Stevenson 10300
BRIMSTONE BASIN
Atkins Pk. 10600
Delusion L.
Flat Mountain Arm
Plover Pt.
Promontory Point
Terrace Pt.
South Arm
South East Arm
MOLLY ID.
PEALE ID.
CONTINENTAL DIVIDE
Riddle L.
Flat Mountain 9000
SHOSHONE GEYSER BASIN
Shoshone Lake 7740
Madison L.
Lewis Lake 7720
HEART LAKE GEYSER BASIN
Rustic Geyser
Factory Hill 9600
Heart Lake 7469
Red Mountains
Mt. Sheridan 10200
Colter Pk. 10500
Table Mt. 10600
Turret 10400
TWO OCEAN PLATEAU
Barlow Pk. 9500
Mt. Hancock 10100
Lewis River
Snake River
Moose Falls
Yellowstone River
THE TRIDENT

A Band of Elk in Winter.
Copyright, 1903, by S. N. Leek.

spot is rarely seen by park tourists. A paint pot basin in the same vicinity is an object also worth seeing.

From the Fountain hotel a pleasant trip is to drive down to the junction of the Gibbon and Firehole rivers and fish for grayling. It was at this point, in 1870, that the idea was first broached among the members of the Washburn party, in a campfire discussion, of including this region in a National Park.

Another nice horseback trip from the Fountain hotel is to ride up Nez Percé creek to Mary's mountain and lake, while there are many shorter jaunts that can be enjoyed.

From Old Faithful Inn a trip, either afoot or on horseback, to Shoshone geyser basin and lake for one or more days is a diversion. Shorter ones are to walk or ride to Lone Star geyser or drive to Shoshone point

From the Colonial hotel at Yellowstone lake several pleasant excursions may be made by land, but the lake and boating excursions are the great attraction. There are a large number of nice row-boats to be had with guides and rowers, and fishing tackle can be procured.

The grandest side trip in the park, all things considered, is made from the Grand cañon. This is the ascent of Mt. Washburn, and it can be done by horseback, carriage, or afoot, many good pedestrians preferring the latter mode. The distance from hotel to summit is ten miles and the vertical element is about three thousand feet. One can go by road and return by a well-worn and ancient trail through entirely different scenes.

The view from Mt. Washburn is a marvelous one, and one obtains, as in no other way, an accurate and connected idea of the park as a whole. The Yellowstone lake, the northeastern part of the park, and the region about Mammoth Hot Springs are like an open book. The road to the mountain is a new and very fine one and the ever changing panorama affords constant surprises and evokes unbounded admiration.

Red Rock, from bottom of Grand Cañon.

The Lone Tepee.

IN THE HEART OF THE Bitterroot Mountains

Seen from the Bitterroot valley, the Bitterroot range appears to be constituted of a series of high, steep, angular, rocky, precipitous cross ranges, the series joined together, far back, by a long, sinuous vertebræ, or axis, which binds the transverse sections together into a homogeneous whole. The effect is a somewhat odd yet interesting one, for the range, or the cross ranges, as one pleases, are very elevated and form a most imposing picture, albeit they are seemingly narrow, comparatively, and disproportionately high. These apparent transverse ridges, or ranges appear to be the result of erosion by the many and beautiful streams which gush from the high snow fields and springs with which the range abounds. The large number of cañons formed by these pure, crystal rivulets are deep, largely of vertical sides, difficult to traverse, and abundant in fine, gloriously imposing cliffs, castellated walls, and rock towers.

At the Mouth of Lolo Creek Near Camp Ground of Lewis and Clark in 1805-6.

North of the Nez Percé pass there are but three of these gorges through which the heart of the range can be reached, except as the birds of the air find their way through them These are the Lolo cañon at the North, the Lost Horse cañon at the South, and Blodgett's cañon, between the other two and but little used. The Lolo cañon, trail, and creek are so called after the Indian pronunciation of the word Lawrence. The name Lost Horse is, by some, supposed to come from a horse or horses lost near the mouth of the stream by Lewis and Clark in 1805. The only horse lost here-

On the Bitterroot River.

abouts, by those explorers, was some distance to the South of where this stream flows into the Bitterroot river. The expedition, however, did find two lost Indian horses near the mouth of Lost Horse creek which, they inform us, "were as wild as elk." From this fact may have come the name of the stream, but I think it doubtful.

When Father DeSmet and the early Jesuit Fathers came to the valley, in the latter part of the first half of the last century, to establish the St. Mary's mission among the Salish Indians who then occupied the valley, they gave the name St. Mary's to the river, valley, and a peak overlooking the mission. Lewis and Clark had named the river Clark's river, but they gave no name to the range. Time has changed all this. St. Mary's peak still bears that name, but Clark's river and St. Mary's river and valley have given place to the name Bitterroot, which is also applied to the grand and tumultuous mass of mountains.

The name comes from the beautiful Bitterroot flower, the state flower of Montana.

On the 9th of September, 1905, just one hundred years from the day that Lewis and Clark reached their Travelers-rest, our Lolo, creek the writer passed up the Bitterroot valley and by the explorers' old camp ground, en route to Hamilton on a trip into the mountains to investigate, primarily, certain problems in connection with the Lewis and Clark exploration. It was determined to embrace in this trip a certain interesting region between the Lost Horse and Lolo trails, it being somewhat related to the problems in question.

We left the homelike and delightful Ravalli hotel at Hamilton, Montana, on the 10th of September, and Kramas's ranch on the 11th, our mode of travel from the ranch being by pack train. There were three of us, Mr. W. H. Wright, of Spokane, guide and mountaineer, Mr. Frank M. Ingalls, of Missoula, a photographer, and the writer.

It had been ten years since I had traveled the rough sinuosities of the Lost Horse trail, admired the castled cliffs of its high walls, and gazed with wonder at the tracks of the snowslides. It was, therefore, with some interest that I again found myself winding through the huge gorge and carefully picking a way across the slide rocks brought down by the snow avalanches, crossing the small lateral streams that come down from the springs above, and, when a steep ascent or descent presented itself, dismounting and climbing afoot up the trail with breaths coming fast and sharp and heart pumping like a mighty engine, or pushing down the hill dragging a cayuse that objected to so strenuous a mode of travel.

Our first day's travel carried us twenty miles or more to the foot of a slide where there had been few campers and where the grass was green and plentiful, and our five horses revelled in it. Lost Horse creek supplied an abundance of mountain creek water.

I was tired when camp was reached and so was Ingalls, but his zeal as an angler was unquenchable and as soon as he had unsaddled his horse he put his rod together and was fly casting in the stream. By the time the packs were off and the cook's fire going there was a mess of nice cutthroat trout ready for supper and a good beginning made for another mess for breakfast which was completed before darkness set in.

Perhaps, after our first day's weary ride and tramp, we didn't enjoy those trout and the breakfast bacon that tempered them! Talk about epicurian meals! A first day's ride among the mountains produces an appetite that gives a zest to a fresh batch of trout that can only be understood and appreciated by one who undergoes the experience. And the real feeling cannot be imparted to others by words, either pronounced or written. After supper we felt like different beings. Our camp was well up toward the head of the cañon at an elevation of about 5,800 feet.

We had passed two forest fires during the day, one high up in the timber near the summit of the opposite wall of the cañon, the other along the trail. These fires were burning up good standing timber. As an instance, the nearer fire had run into at least four fine pines at their bases, and as these were full of pitch the fires were fierce ones, burning out the very hearts and vitals of the trees. It was a deplorable sight, and it would seem as if much of this waste was totally unnecessary if

Carleton Creek Falls in Bitterroot Valley.

a proper system of forest ranging was in vogue on the Government Forest Reserves, and was faithfully carried out.

Many of these fires are undoubtedly started by lightning. During our trip we saw innumerable instances where lightning had struck, splintering and scattering the trees in all directions. Only a careful, conscientious, and vigilant system of ranging and watching can prevent this annual tree destruction.

We were camped at the foot of an old snowslide, the path of which was distinctly marked although it was many, many years old. It was now overgrown by a lusty growth of bushes, grass, and a scattering of

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Bitterroot Range, from Bitterroot Valley.

young pines. The slide path was probably 2,000 feet long and 300 or 400 feet wide at the creek and much narrower at the top. It was not a rocky one, as were many of them. Just beyond us there was another slide that had been formed since my previous visit. This one was much larger, and the snow had come down with such force as to have gone completely across the creek and for a considerable distance up the opposite slope. The resulting debris of uprooted trees and rocks was a tumultuous tangle, forming a most formidable *abattis* which had compelled the reconstruction of the trail across it at another place.

Our next day's travel carried us up the mountain side to Twin lakes lying on the summit between Lost Horse creek, a tributary of the Bitterroot river, and Moose Creek, an affluent of the Clearwater river. The lakes, one several times as large as the other, form a beautiful scene, deep set in the solemn recesses of the granitic slopes that rise high above, and they abound in fish. The unpleasant note in the landscape is the presence of two trapper's cabins on the lake shore. While in themselves a picturesque addition to the spot, that which they stand for kills the effect. The trappers should be run out of the country, and it would seem that the Game Wardens of the various states should

Ravalli Hotel, Hamilton, Mont.

be able to accomplish this. The trappers kill game—elk, deer, goats, etc.—during the winter in large numbers, and in defiance of law, for bear bait, and they are rapidly exterminating it.

Leaving Twin lakes after a short halt, the trail making an abrupt descent from the open into the timber and the narrow cañon of Moose creek, we passed from Montana into Idaho. Deeper and still deeper we rode into the winding gorge, passing through beautiful open parks and past my old hunting camp of 1895, and then plunging into the depths of a dark forest. The avalanchine rocks were mostly passed and the trail twisted like an enormously long serpent among fallen trees and over little runs, and it crossed and re-crossed Moose creek. About the middle of the afternoon the thunder began to reverberate among the cliffs, the lightning to play, and the rain to fall. We were soon quite wet, but the forest in some degree protected us. About four o'clock p. m. we reached an open spot where feed for the horses was found and we camped, having made about twenty miles. Just then there was a lull in the rain, and we hastily unpacked and erected our 10x10 water-proof tent. We had used no tent at Camp Number One, sleeping in the open with the stars and moon looking down upon us. There is little sense or pleasure in sleeping in a tent, where one merely bivouacs, unless rainy weather threatens or the cold requires a stove fire for comfort.

I was very tired and hungry at the end of this day's travel, far more so, for some reason, than at the end of the previous day. A good

Effects of a Snow Slide, Lost Horse Cañon, Bitterroot Range, Montana.

At Twin Lakes, on the Montana-Idaho Divide, Bitterroot Range.

supper and a night's rest put me in good shape however. There was little rain after camp was made and we enjoyed a large camp fire at our tent door

An owl that had serenaded us in solemn fashion at our previous camp may have followed us, for the same dark, dismal hootings from a solitary bird sounded above us on the mountain side during the evening.

The next morning as I was making my toilet at the edge of the stream I was quite diverted by a pair of water ousels. The little creatures flew back and forth across the stream two or three times, now and again plunging into the water and wading far out into the deep creek, where they could be seen plainly through the clear water thrusting their bills down into the sandy bottom. Meanwhile the squirrels were chattering in the trees and it was all very pleasant and enjoyable.

We started out early on the trail for a hard day's work. Two miles below the camp we began to climb out of the cañon. The ascent, a very acute one, was over a steep trail of short twists and one but little used, and amounted to 2,900 feet. We had a strenuous time of it. The horses were unused to each other and some of them were entirely unused to such work. The result was that they endeavored to break from the trail time and again and Ingalls and I were compelled to make some heartbreaking efforts in order to

A Camp in the Bitterroot Range, Clearwater Country.

drive the recalcitrants back again. It quickly wearied us, but short and frequent rests recruited our strength and lungs and we finally reached the summit. One horse fell from the trail at one place and rolled over and down the slope at another spot. Old Whitey was evidently too heavily packed for this day and when, after his fall, we had placed him on his feet, to his surprise a part of his pack was transferred to my riding horse and Ingalls and I used the same animal until the top of the trail was reached. We then hurried on, up and down heavily grassed slopes, with fallen trees interlaced thickly for almost the remainder of the drive. The day had been dark and threatening and finally the rain came down heavily and steadily. The forest was not thick, and as we rode, up and down, up and down the slopes and through the long grass, we became thoroughly wet and chilled. A little walking and the exertion necessary to keep the horses in line would soon warm us up, but the wet kept getting wetter and wetter. About three o'clock we rode clear of the trees, the rain ceased, and after a ride through some lovely parks and meadows, woefully wet we rode into camp at the beautiful lake at Elk Summit.

For some weeks Wright had had a camp at this beautiful spot, having had two outing parties among the hills. At this time Mr. T. C. Coleman of Baltimore, Md., was here and we found the tent standing, but Coleman and Overturf, Wright's assistant, were off on a side trip a few miles distant, so a note informed us. We were to join these friends and proceed as one party for the remainder of the trip.

Before we had the horses unpacked the rain again began and the tent, which had a most effective portable camp cook stove in one corner, was a welcome find. As soon as possible our own tent was added to it, at one end, and we then had a canvas house 20x10 feet in size. The cook tent was supplied with home-made tables, seats sawed from logs, and a supply of provisions. One of the most appreciated articles was a rectangular tin hot-water boiler, which, placed at the end of our little stove, constantly afforded a supply of boiling water. The stove was soon singing a glorious song and we drenched pilgrims felt a genial warmth that made us forget the cold and hunger in the light of the promised feast ahead

Foot Log across Moose Creek, Bitterroot Range.

Wright had walked all day leading a pack horse. His old shoes, full of holes, he said were the only kind to wear on such a day, for they allowed the water to run out as fast as it ran in, a bit of sound philosophy. He was in shirt sleeves and overalls and the rain, dripping trees, and bushes had completely soaked him. Ingalls and I had on rain coats and expensive hunting boots, but we were wet to the skin also. We soon changed our wet shoes and stockings and a few minutes near the stove dried our garments, and we really felt happy and rather enjoyed our experiences.

From another party who were camped at Elk Summit lake and who proved to be good neighbors, we obtained a nice piece of venison and

Camp and Lake, Elk Summit.

two grouse breasts. Wright set to work in his rapid fire fashion and within an hour, or a little more, after arrival we were eating hot biscuits and maple syrup, bacon and venison with gravy, coffee and condensed cream, and canned apricots, with mountain appetites to urge us on.

On the succeeding day we had an experience in trouting. The lake was supposed to be full of cutthroat trout, beautiful little fellows that ran from eight to ten to the pound. Ingalls carefully circumambulated the lake and did not get a single rise. He was disposed to think that he was being played for a tenderfoot until he followed the little stream that was the outlet of the lake down for a few rods, when, after catching a few fish, he came for me to see the sight. The trout had left the lake and were literally packed in the clear stream, which was about five to

Sculpture Rock at Elk Summit, Bitterroot Range.

seven feet across, in thousands. At one or two points they were extremely shy, but where they were thickest they paid little or no attention to us. Several kinds of flies were tried before finding those that proved attractive. These were two in number, the first and third a bright scarlet color, the middle one a gray one, and the three on one line, and no sooner did the line touch the water than the trout fought for them. I am no angler but the novelty of the thing enthused me and I had a lot of fun in watching Ingalls bring out from one to three trout at every cast.

And such trout! The elevation of our camp was about 7,000 feet and the cold water of the streams and lake produced a flavor and quality of flesh none of us had ever seen equalled. That afternoon Coleman and Overturf arrived with the carcass of an elk. This proved to be the best and most tender elk meat I have ever eaten.

Our table, now, was indeed a delectable one. Trout the most delicious, venison most palatable, grouse stews, savory elk morsels, and mountain spring water almost as cold as ice, what more could mortals in the mountains want! And this was the same range of mountains, but not the same locality, in which Lewis and Clark and their men nearly starved a hundred years before.

An exceedingly pleasing feature of this spot was the presence of chipmunks and birds, the latter consisting of grosbeaks and crossbills. Neither birds nor squirrels seemed to have the least fear of us, but came about the tent in most trusting confidence. At one time, as I sat at the tent door reading, one of the crossbills alighted on my book, remained a moment or two carefully inspecting me and mine, and then, as if satisfied that I was all right, flew to the top of the tent and perched. Another one, flying from the ground to the tent, lit upon the stove pipe, but, instantly, and with distressing cries of pain flew from the hot metal to a tree at some distance. It was too bad, for the fire was a hot one and the flames doubtless extended to or beyond the termination of the pipe and the bird was probably quite badly burned.

We remained at Elk Summit another day and then trailed northward on to the headwaters of White Sand creek, crossing first, a beautiful little valley below our camp, and then, mountain spurs covered with timber, some of it

Fording a Stream in Bitterroot Range.

Camp at Meadow, near Grave Peak.

burnt and devastated, some of it of green, living trees and all of it much obstructed by fallen timber. We reached our camping ground about three o'clock, most of us again thoroughly wet from rain, but cheerful and enjoying the situation.

Camp Number Four was in the timber at the edge of a large yellow grassed park, or opening, known as the Round meadows, and very beautiful. It was formerly an old Nez Percé Indian camp ground, but it is now, I presume, rarely thus used. All hands set to work and we soon had the tents up and a huge camp fire of big logs, each eight or ten feet long, blazing in the open while the little stove sang its cheerful song of warmth, cheer, and refreshment. Our hot meal of elk steaks broiled on the coals, stewed tomatoes, hot biscuits and butter, and coffee, was the best of the trip thus far and was eaten with keenest relish. As one expressed it, it was indeed a noble meal. We remained here two days, the day succeeding our arrival being very stormy.

The day that we left Camp Four was bright and warm. The trail led through the forest, past the two beautiful little Walton lakes, full of fish, and then over ridges to the most picturesque spot I have seen in these mountains, just north of Grave peak. Over in one corner of the clearing among the trees was a lone grave marked by trees cut and carefully laid and constituting a rough yet well meant enclosure. This grave gave name to the peak.

Years ago "Bill" Rhodes, Jerry Johnson, and another prospector, under the guidance of Isaac, a Nez Percé Indian, were hunting a "lost mine"—the name of which is legion. The Indian was in the last stages of

Indian Grave at Grave Meadow.

consumption and at this point became much worse. Rhodes and Johnson gave him such care as they could, but Isaac knew that his end was near and said so, and one night he coughed his life away and without revealing clearly the location of the mine which the Indians alone knew and which has never yet been found. With a wholesome respect for Isaac's Nez Percé relatives and friends and their suspicions as to what might have caused the death of the Indian, Johnson and Rhodes gave the deceased a good burial and constructed the enclosure. This was in August, 1878, and the logs are still in a good state of preservation. Rhodes, a few years later, died a miserable death alone in the mountains, while still engaged in prospecting. Johnson, or Jerry as he is usually called, still lives but is a little too old to roam these rough mountains as he once did. I think the first time I ever saw him was just after he had returned as a guide to the late Bishop M. N. Gilbert, of St. Paul, on the last expedition of the sort the good bishop ever made into the region where we now were.

During the night at Camp Five, a fierce gale arose, perhaps the restless spirit of the departed Isaac roaming around and resenting the intrusion of white strangers, and blew down our tent without doing any damage. Not expecting such an occurrence, we had been a little careless in erecting the structure.

On September 20th we left the scene of the lonely grave. The trail was one that Wright had cut out some fifteen years before and was principally down hill, the last part of it emphatically so. Fallen timber proved an obstacle and where the trail was dim and uncertain the blazes on the trees were often so old as to be scarcely recognizable.

Camp Number Six was at Jerry Johnson's old cabin on the Clearwater river, in a beautiful spot among the hills which rose high above

Jerry Johnson Cabin on the Koos-koos-ke, or North Fork of the Clearwater River.

on every hand. The cabin was built by Johnson for trapping purposes many years ago, has been abandoned for years, and the roof is, now, all caved in.

Near here there are several fine hot springs, too remote, however, for the general public to receive much benefit from them. Some of our party enjoyed the luxury of the baths. There are also several deer licks here, but there had lately been so much hunting by concealed hunters that the deer and elk at that time rarely frequented them. On our trip thus far signs of deer, bear, elk, and moose had been fairly plentiful, very much so at some points. Not being out as hunters we made no effort to find game, but there is no difficulty in obtaining venison and elk meat while hunting in this region, and the Clearwater river and its affluents all afford fine trout fishing, so that with elk, venison, fool-hens, and trout, one may live on the fat of the land, literally.

Breaking Camp.

The Clearwater River. Idaho.

At this point we found some Idaho campers enjoying mountain life. It was just below here that the Carlin party were camped in the fall of 1893, when they were snowed in and only escaped by rafts and walking down the river, after incredible hardships and obstacles were overcome. In fact this party had assisted "Jerry" to complete the cabin near which our own tents were now standing.

Leaving this warm protected spot among the mighty hills, our hardest stunt for the day came at the very outset. The trail leading to the heights above was a splendid one

but very steep, and as the day was hot it was exceedingly hard on men and horses. We climbed about 5,000 feet during the day, and the most of it and the hardest part of it within the first three hours.

As we worked upward we were granted one of the finest mountain views imaginable. The morning atmosphere was clear and as we reached successive levels the panorama became gradually an enlarging and wonderful one The heavy timbered slopes were merged in higher ridges and peaks, deep cañons yawned between, and down in the cañon out of which we were climbing glistened the circling Koos-koos-ke, or Clearwater, the sound of whose rushing waters was borne to us, 2,000 or more feet above it. No one could look upon the picture and his love for the mountains not grow stronger. I am not surprised that the tide of travel to the mountains increases year by year, and that this particular region becomes more and more popular.

Our trail that day was a pleasant and good one. There was less fallen timber, we were much within the shade of the forest, and we had some glorious mountain views. Well toward evening we climbed a long spur and as we reached the top of the ridge we found ourselves on the old Lolo trail—the trail that Lewis and Clark used in crossing the range. We followed this trail eastward for two or three hours and camped at a little spring on a side hill which bubbles out of the dry, thirsty mountain as if it knew that it had a useful mission to perform in coming to the surface at this particular point. There was also good grass and plenty of fuel here. Wright has known of this little spring for twenty-five years and never knew it to run dry.

Lolo Hot Springs on Lolo Creek.

Our succeeding three or four days' travel over the Lolo trail was most pleasurable. The Idaho part of the trail was well cleared of fallen timber, the Montana part of it badly obstructed, and the contrast was very striking. The trail is well worn, follows the least difficult parts of the ridges, and if well cleared each spring of obstructions can be traveled by women — as indeed it is now — and children, and this is true of all these trails. The present trail is a very different one from, and a great improvement upon, the one used by Lewis and Clark. We identified several important points mentioned by those explorers. There is now a fine road from the Lolo springs down Travelers-rest, or Lolo, creek to Lolo station on the Northern Pacific railway. The lower part of this valley is almost an Eden, and I was surprised at the number of new ranches that have been opened in recent years. These seem well divided between stock and fruit ranches. Fruits and grasses thrive equally, and the large creek furnishes abundant water for all necessary irrigation.

Missoula, the seat of the Montana State University, and a rapidly growing town of about 10,000 people, is only eleven miles distant from the mouth of the valley.

In wandering through the Bitterroot range one soon learns to appreciate the wisdom of establishing Forest Reserves. The moral as well as the physical upliftment that comes from a few weeks or months spent in such an outdoor life is beyond computation or statement. No more meritorious work can be undertaken by the Government than to lay out and preserve in their integrity these magnificent timber estates, police them thoroughly, and allow them to be used, under reasonable regulations, by the people for outing purposes. This means to have them superintended in a way that means something, have trails opened and kept clear, forest fires put *out,* not merely fooled with, game protected, trappers and elk teeth hunters driven out, and the streams kept stocked with fish, etc. Notwithstanding the greater stringency of game protection laws in recent years, the game is surely decreasing at present.

Valley of the Lolo and Bitterroot Range.

The year 1905 was a red letter year for the Northwest and the Pacific coast. Influenced by the Lewis and Clark Exposition at Portland and the consequent very low rates of travel, the people flocked in crowds to the exposition and the many points of interest throughout the far central West, Northwest, Alaska, and California. The entire country was represented in this travel movement, and the majority of tourists seem to have gone about in a leisurely and intelligent manner, stopping at most of the centers of population and the tourist resorts to see, study, investigate, and rest. The result is that never before, perhaps, did the Northwest and the Pacific coast have such an influx of visitors or receive what will eventually prove such good advertising as in 1905. Most people were amazed at what they saw. Seeing is always believing, and while the Canadian mountain scenery, the Alaskan fiords and glaciers, Mt. Rainier and the Puget sound country, the Columbia river Palisades and falls, the Yellowstone Park geysers and cañons, the upper Sacramento river and Mt. Shasta, the walls and cataracts of Yosemite, were all well known by pictorial and written description, yet the reality, when seen by the eye itself, so far exceeded the imaginative picture

A Portland Rose Bush.

Cottages, Shasta Springs, California.

that truth again confounded those—and their name was legion—who felt that fiction had played a large part in the writings pertaining to the region made memorable by Lewis and Clark, Vancouver, Astor, and the gold hunters of '49.

A commendable feature of the 1905 movement was the large number of Californians who visited Yellowstone Park, Portland, Puget sound, and Alaska, and thus became acquainted with a region near at hand, but as unknown to most of them as to those resident in the East.

Such cosmopolitan travel as that of 1905 not only links more closely together our whole country, but necessarily suggests the more complete homogeneity of the various divisions of the scenic West. No part of the West abounds in more soul-stirring scenery, richer and older historical incidents, or has a greater claim on the sympathies of the East than the far Northwest, the Columbia river, and Puget sound region. Mounts Shasta, Hood, Adams, St. Helens, Rainier, Baker, and Olympus, glacial peaks of volcanic origin, enthrall the spectator. The gorge of the great Columbia, the mightiest and most resistless current of our land, is a revelation to those who know only of the puny streams of the East. The Puget sound

At Shasta Springs, California, on Shasta Route.

with its beautiful, peaceful, and insinuating arms and bays, lulls to dreams and rest.

Read the narratives and stories of Juan de Fuca, Bering, Cook, Drake, Vancouver, Wilkes, Gray, and the long roll of Spanish adventurers, and see what a flavor of daring and life risk hangs on every headland, and floats in every mist that hovers on the coast.

That the land of the Sound and River should naturally be the objective point of Eastern tourists and travelers, it needs only to be said that its pioneers of early days and its settlers of recent years came from the East. It is truly of the East Easty. In this connection, and as understood by the Coast people, the word East comprises all the country east of the Rocky mountains. Cosmopolitanism reigns on the Coast and broad significations and interpretations are found there.

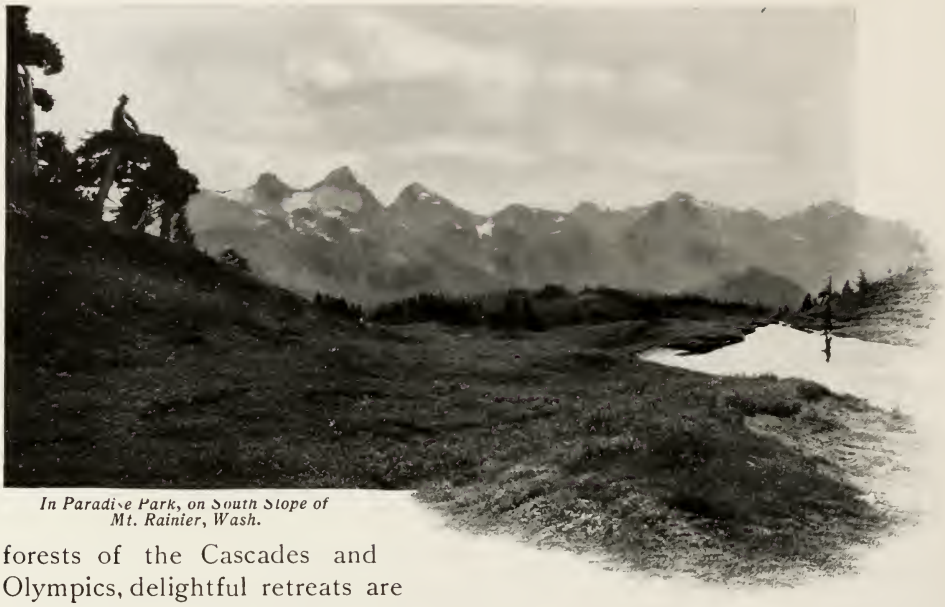
* *In the Olden Time.*

* *Watching for Mamma.*

Undoubtedly, for some years, the sudden rise to glory and fame of the Southern Californian region, served to obscure the beauties and richness of Northern California, Oregon, and Washington, not only as to their scenic grandeur, but also as to their vast material resources.

In the fullness of time however most things come, and gradually the excellencies of climate, beauty, fertility of soil, etc., found along the Shasta-Northern Pacific route, leading north from San Francisco and east from Portland and the Sound, are becoming more widely known and appreciated. Among the cañons, parks, trout streams, bays, and

* Courtesy of Lee Moorhouse.



In Paradise Park, on South Slope of Mt. Rainier, Wash.

forests of the Cascades and Olympics, delightful retreats are found where camp life is enjoyed, and rustic, attractive hotel homes are springing up by lake and crag where, for reasonable prices, mountain life restful and at its best may be enjoyed.

(Geo. M. Weister Copyright 1905.)
Latourelle Fall, Columbia River.

Surely those who journey from the East and the Middle West to while away the winter in Southern California make a serious mistake if they do not arrange, beforehand, to return via the Shasta-Northern Pacific route to the East, and much enlarge their sphere of observation and enjoyment. The entire Northwest coast country is a sanitorium and recreation ground, and tourists have simply to make their choice of a spot suitable to their needs.

Shasta Springs, Sisson, Ashland, Medford, Grant's Pass, Eugene, Albany, Salem, are points in northern California and Oregon where scenery,

climate, fruits, fishing, and hunting, one or all, may be found agreeable to one's taste.

The vicinity of Portland is a veritable bonanza ground in these respects. Mountains, sea, and rivers join to provide diversity and satiety in climatic variety and scenic grandeur. From Portland a great number of side trips are at one's command. The sea coast, where there are long, clean beaches and glorious bathing, may be reached by splendid river steamers or by rail. The transcendent scenic features of the upper Columbia river, including Vancouver, Cape Horn, Rooster rock, the beautiful falls and lofty palisades, the Cascades, the Dalles, the queer fish wheels, the big salmon canneries built on piles, the giant headlands and abundant forests, may also be seen either by rail or steamer. The historic and beautiful Willamette valley and the falls at Oregon City are close at hand, and a day or two can be spent profitably in seeing

Mt. Adams, Wash., 12,470 Feet High.

them. Cloud Cap Inn on Mt. Hood, and a sublime spot, can be reached in a day, and these are but examples of many more delightful trips by rail, steamer, or electric car from Portland, the Rose City.

From Tacoma and Seattle on Puget sound another world, fresh, new, unconventional, is at the service of the traveler. There again is the sea coast, at Moclips; the glorious Sound with its ramifying fingers and bays, the aboriginal Whulge of Winthrop, and, as he says, far surpassing "the eastern waters of our country," lies open-armed before him; toward the ocean and beyond Whulge tower the beautifully whitened and serrated Olympics, full of rugged grandeur, lofty and gleaming crags, and wild beauty spots, and back of and guarding Whulge rise the sombre, heavy timbered Cascades, gashed and rent by savage cañons, and with shimmering lakes sleepily nestling in their solemn, quiet depths.

What a halo of romantic adventure surrounds these peaks and

waters, and what a wealth of scenic glory is revealed to him who will but venture forth to revel in it.

Lake Cushman, Lake Crescent, Lake Kachess form a trio of widely differing lakes widely separated from each other, individual, each, in character and all of extreme loveliness. The first is reached by steamer from Seattle up Hood's canal to Hoodsport, and thence by wagon road; the second, by steamer from Seattle to Port Angeles, thence by wagon into the heart of the Olympics; the third, by the Northern Pacific main line to Easton on the eastern slope of the Cascades.

Mt. Rainier, Wash., 14,363 Feet High.

From Tacoma, Paradise Park on the southern slope of Mt. Rainier, and a region of peculiar beauty and grandeur, is reached via the Tacoma Eastern railway and connecting stage lines. A tent hotel affords rustic, yet good accommodations and nature provides a marvelous display of mountain, glacial, and floral phenomena.

To the sea coast at Gray's harbor and Moclips daily trains run from Tacoma and Seattle; likewise the upper sound points, Everett, Bellingham, Snoqualmie fall, Victoria, Vancouver, Port Dungeness, Port Townsend and numerous smaller places, are all easily reached by either steamer or rail, or both, from these cities. From each place most attractive excursions may be planned.

The mountains about Monte Christo are particularly fine.

Green River Hot Springs, on the Northern Pacific main line a short distance east from Seattle and Tacoma, is a delightful spot in the Cascades where hot mineral water baths of great virtue are found. The Sanatorium found here is modern and thoroughly well equipped.

If one wishes to see the gigantic forests of the Cascades or the Olympics and inspect the great lumbering operations carried on in their

In the Cascade Range.

New Steel and Concrete Viaduct Across Lake Pend d' Oreille near Sand Point, Idaho.

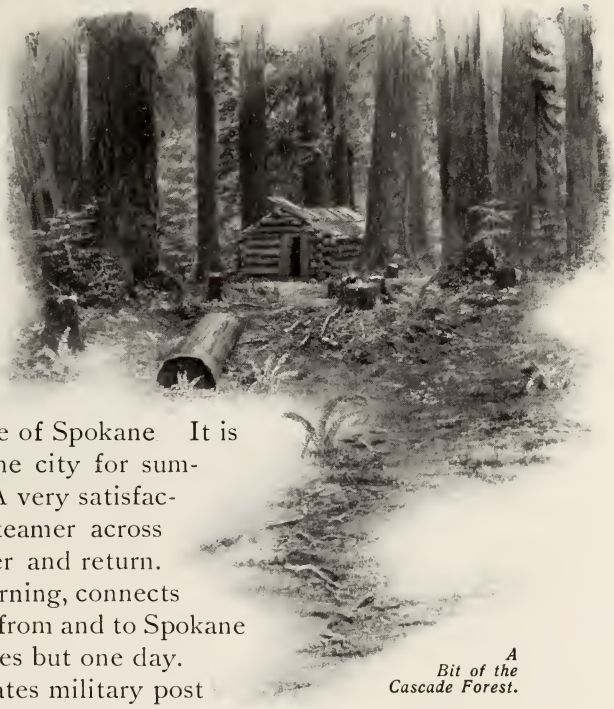
depths this is easily accomplished. Within a few hours' journey of most of the Sound cities there are lumber camps and saw and shingle mills by the score.

The so called "mosquito fleet" of Seattle affords a large number of pleasant and low priced short water trips to and from the various cities, hamlets, lumber and mill camps, and other points on the Sound. Prominent among these is the Puget Sound Navy Yard at Bremerton, Uncle Sam's ship hospital on the North Pacific coast, and an interesting point to visit.

Across the mountains in the Inland Empire, of which Spokane is the center, lies a far different region from the Sound littoral. Here too there are great opportunities for the tourist. Spokane itself is a beautiful, most enterprising, wealthy city. Mines and agriculture minister to its prosperity and its future is as certain as the rising and setting of the sun.

Lake Coeur d' Alene, Idaho

Of large and most picturesque lakes, magnificent bodies of water, at a little distance from Spokane, Lake Chelan to the northwest, Kootenai lake to the north, and Lake Pend d'Oreille, to the northeast and on the main line of the Northern Pacific, are the most important. These



A Bit of the Cascade Forest.

lakes are rare gems, perhaps impossible of duplication elsewhere in our land. Any or all of them will well repay a visit from the lovers of mountain and lake scenery, live where they may.

Coeur d'Aléne lake is another large and attractive lake on a branch line of the Northern Pacific, within a couple of hours' ride of Spokane It is much used by residents of the city for summer cottages and homes. A very satisfactory tourist trip is that by steamer across the lake up the St. Joe river and return. The steamer, going and returning, connects with Northern Pacific trains from and to Spokane so that the entire trip occupies but one day.

Fort Wright, a United States military post in the suburbs of Spokane, and Medical lake, not far distant, are interesting points for short trips.

The Spokane falls are in the heart of the city and a walk of but a

Ice Pinnacles on Mt. Hood, Ore.

Lake Pend d' Oreille, Idaho.

few minutes from any of the hotels enables one to see them. They form not only a fine cataract but are extremely valuable as a water power.

The hotels found in the cities of the northwest are *good*—some of them superlatively so. There are plenty of hotels of all grades and one has but to make his or her selection to fit the size of the purse. Most of them are managed on the European style.

Great is the Northwest and greatest it shall be! Could Thomas H. Benton come back to earth, he would be the most thankful of the thankful that his prayer that the ridge of the rocky mountains should constitute the western boundary of the Republic and that "the fabled god Terminus should be raised upon its highest peak," was never answered.

Where the Rolling Tide Comes In.

A DAY WITH The Queniut Indians

We are very apt to look upon the Indian as—well, as an Indian, whatever that may mean to each of us. In our mental classifications we ignore personality, both tribal and individual, and group all redmen together in one general, undefined census. This is all wrong. There is as much difference between tribes as between white nationalities; between individual Indians as between individual white men.

*Captain Mason, Chief of the Queniut Indians.

In accounting for these differences of life and customs it is largely the old story of environment. The conditions of life, for example, surrounding the Absaroka and Salish Indians, in the Northwest, are very different from those found in the Southwest where the Pueblo and Navajo live, and these are reflected in the habits and customs of the tribes. Likewise, there is even a much greater contrast between the surroundings of the tribes of the interior and those on the coast, and this is at once seen in even a superficial study of the Indian.

Of the Indian families, or stocks, which centered about the Puget sound country in the Northwest, the largest was the Salishan. Salishan tribes occupied almost every foot of the country along the sea coast between Gray's harbor, west of Tacoma, and Cape Flattery, at the extremity of the Strait of Fuca; practically all of the Puget sound region and they extended eastward across Idaho into Montana and northward to about Lat. 53° north. The Salish are known in common parlance as the Flatheads, from a custom common to the coast tribes of this family of flattening the heads of their infants, a custom still maintained to some extent. The mountain Salish in Idaho and Montana seem never to have been addicted to this

Illustrations marked * are from photographs by Professor Meany of Seattle.

Indians in Canoe on the Ocean near Moclips.

practice. Our first real knowledge of these people came to us through Lewis and Clark, and the *first white men ever seen by the mountain Salish were those of this expedition, in Montana, in 1805.

Among the Salishan tribes on the coast is one known as the Quinaielt, Quiniult, Queniut, Kwinaiutl, etc. In such investigation as I have been able to make I cannot find that these Indians have been other than steadfast friends to the whites, unless, perhaps, for a time at the advent of the white man. I imagine that, while they have undoubtedly advanced and improved in some ways as the coast has become peopled by the white race, they are yet much as they were in the old days, as regards simplicity of life. An excerpt from Swan's *The Northwest Coast* will give an idea of their village and hospitality in the 50's of the last century:

"This village was composed of five lodges, to each of which was a small inclosure where they raised most excellent potatoes. The lodges were made of cedar boards similar in all respects to those lodges of Shoalwater Bay, and were remarkably well built, and very clean. On the bank of the river they had erected a huge flagstaff, from the top of which a red shirt was fluttering, as a rude imitation of the flags of the white men they had seen either at Vancouver's Island or at the Columbia river. Between the lodges and the sea beach was a large canoe, in which were the remains of some dead person, and the different colored blankets and calicoes hung round gave the place an appearance of clothes hung out to dry on a washing day.

"The morning we were to start, Kape went out and shot a fine fat raccoon, which was cleaned and boiled in a large iron kettle; John's wife baked some bread in the ashes; another squaw boiled a mess of salmon and potatoes; Kape's wife dug up a bushel of potatoes, and put them in a new basket, and another squaw brought in a fine salmon trout and roasted it. I watched all this proceeding without knowing what was to be done with it, but found, on going to the canoe, that it was for me and my two Indians, and was already firmly secured in the canoe, so as not to fall out if she should happen to capsize."

Queniut Indian Basketry

* See WONDERLAND 1900; and also *The Trail of Lewis and Clark*, G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

The agency of the Queniut—this form of the word seems to be approved by the Bureau of Ethnology— is at Granville, at the mouth of the Quinaielt river, directly on the coast, and back of it rise the Olympic mountains. The reservation, in shape a large triangle, the apex being at Lake Quinaielt back in the mountains, comprises 224,000 acres, or 350 square miles. Besides the Queniut Indians two other tribes are quartered on this reservation, the total population amounting to less than 250, of which the Queniut number 100 or slightly more.

The little village of Granville is reached from Moclips, the terminus of the branch line of the Northern Pacific from Puget sound to the Gray's harbor region, and at the edge of the reservation. Moclips is right on

Copyright, 1905, by Geo. W. Gordon

Queniut Indians on the Beach at Moclips.

the ocean beach, twenty-eight miles north from Hoquiam, and has achieved much local fame as an ocean bathing resort. The beach, for miles in each direction, is as smooth as a floor and there is a profusion of small white pebbles among which are moonstones and agates, the hunting of which is a matter of diversion to those who resort there. For both bathing and driving the beach cannot be surpassed.

It is a drive of about nine miles from Moclips to Granville, all of it, save about a mile at low tide and twice that distance at high tide, along the hard, smooth beach with the reachings of the surf, if you wish, washing the wheels of your vehicle, whatever it may chance to be. This drive is a most pleasurable one. About half way between the two places Point Grenville, the Punta de Martires, perhaps—Martyrs' point —of Heceta, 1775, is reached and the road, cared for by the Indians with little or no help apparently from the government, is necessarily carried over it, as the point projects out too far into the sea to allow of any beach formation. A little distance out in the sea there are some large, detached, picturesque rock masses through one of which there is a natural tunnel plainly visible as one rides along. A part of the road across the point is a corduroy, or as they call it there, a puncheon road. It is a fair road of its kind and is kept in very good repair by the

Indians. At low tide the puncheon road is not used. From one high point on this part of the road, where it winds near to the edge of the cliff, one should stop the wagon and follow the little trail to the edge and experience the pleasure of a very, very fine ocean view. The surf, when the tide is in, booms against the base of the precipice 300 or 400 feet directly below, while the eye ranges over a waste of waters receding to the horizon.

Livery rigs can be hired at Moclips for this ride, or old Dan, an Indian character near there, will provide one for the purpose.

*"Old Dan," A Former Indian Slave.

Dan is an Indian whose home was formerly on Vancouver island. Long years ago he was captured by the Makah Indians of Neah bay and by them sold to Capt. Mason, now chief of the Queniut. The holding of slaves was forbidden by the treaty made with Gov. Stevens in 1856, and Dan became, perforce, a free man. He now has a comfortable home on Point Grenville and makes a living carting tourists to and from the reservation and about the beach.

Capt. Mason is a son of Tah-ho-lah, who, as a chief of the tribe, signed the Stevens treaty. With a new wife and two or three papooses, he was at Moclips on the way to the hop fields near Chehalis, where they were going to earn money picking hops. He seemed intelligent, and spoke and understood our language fairly well, as did all the Queniut whom I saw. His squaw, a large, buxom, jolly woman was engaged in making bread at the camp fire. When leaving them I shook hands with Mason, and his nephew, a bright young man, while the squaw, with a peculiar smile, made a remark in Indian. Divining at once its purport, which was that I would refuse to shake her flour covered hand, when she offered it I seized it with unction and laughed and said something apropos, which brought forth laughter at the squaw's expense. She joined in and pump-handled earnestly with hearty good will.

Granville, a collection of rambling, weather-worn board houses just south of Point Elizabeth, lies back of the beach which there terminates in a high ridge of sand with a few dead trees lying here and there. The mouth of the Quinaielt river is almost closed by this sand barrier and the stream, as far as I saw it, resembles a long, narrow lake. The meaning of the word Quinaielt, Prof. Meany of the Washington State University at Seattle says, is found in the fact that the Indians constructed strong stockades for protection against inimical tribes.

Arrived at Granville, we hunted up Austin Chapalis, an Indian, to row us to an Indian graveyard, some distance up the river. Austin was away, looking after his horses, but returned within an hour. In

the meantime, we interviewed Mrs. Austin and gave her and her little ones some small presents. A little papoose was quite sick. This papoose was undergoing the process of head-flattening, which was very interesting to all of our party.

A Queniut Canoe made from One Tree.

When Austin returned we embarked in an Indian canoe made from a single large cedar log, all of us sitting on the bottom of the craft. Austin pulled with a strong, quick stroke which in time brought us to our landing spot. Thence a winding, up-hill trail through brush and woods led us to the burial ground. It was very different from any I had ever before seen In the heart of the sombre forest an old, weather-worn board house stood, about ten feet square and high. The side facing the river was plastered over with a motley array of china dishes of all sorts and sizes, with a lot of old copper utensils added. These had belonged to the first woman buried there. This china had been perforated with small holes and then nailed to the boards. Austin stated that many were buried within this enclosure. The Indians were usually averse to white people visiting these graves, because of the sacrileges so often committed; but, in the person of Miss Hoffman, of the faculty of the State Normal School at Ellensburg, Wash., we had a chaperone who made our way very smooth. These Indians do not seem to have a community burial ground, but each family has its own spot. Austin pointed out a pretty nook in the heavy forest high on the

A Queniut Indian Basket Maker.

*A Queniut Squaw Weaving a Mat from Reeds.

bank of the river, where five of his own children were buried. These bodies had been gathered from various graves and re-entombed in this picturesque spot, at a cost of $50.00 to the father.

The china dishes found at the grave opened up an interesting subject. Prior to the settlement of the coast country by the Americans the coast Indians traded with the Hudson's Bay Company. Through them the Indians became possessed of large quantities of china, and, although much of it has been sold to curio hunters, there is still a good deal of it remaining. Much of this china is of the well-known English Blue Willow pattern. This pattern is a very old one, being introduced in England from China in 1780, and the Chinese legend connected with the design is a very romantic one. That pieces of this ware should be found among the obscure Indian tribes of the North Pacific coast is almost beyond belief, until we recall the intimate relations that existed between these Indians and the Hudson's Bay Company.

The Indian women insisted that these china treasures had been handed down by the very old women, and were probably from 50 to 100 years old. These people part with the Willow Ware reluctantly and ask good prices for it.

These Indians are very fair mat and basket makers, using therefor rushes and grasses. Some of their baskets are quite artistic in design, symmetric in shape, and are well made. One can obtain new, clean,

Point Grenville, the "Punta de Martires" of Heceta.

freshly made ones, or those redolent of dirt and berries and age, and to the connoiseur, therefore, more valuable. It is also possible to find fine baskets made by other tribes on the coast. I obtained several new Queniut baskets, and, to my joy and the sorrow of my wife, a fine Klickitat basket that bore unmistakable evidence of age and Indian use.

These people practically support themselves by salmon fishing and now and then a sea otter is taken. In olden days this part of the coast excelled as a sea otter hunting ground, and the salmon found here are reputed to be by all odds the finest on the coast. The Queniut do not take kindly to agricultural pursuits. They are, naturally, fishermen and the sea supplies much of their food while most of the land suitable for tillage must be cleared at heavy labor and expense and with slight assistance from the Government.

Prof. Meany states that these Indians have in their possession, and carefully treasure, old historical documents of the time of Gov. Stevens

Natural Rock Arch Near Moclips.

Copyright, 1905, by Geo. W. Gordon.

fifty years ago. They are also said to have two knives given to the tribe by Capt. Gray at the time he discovered the Columbia river in 1792.

The contrast between these plain, unpretentious people of the ocean and forest and those of the plains was an interesting one to me. These lived in houses like the white man, ate the white man's food, dressed like the white man, and did it all quite naturally. The plains Indians, even though they do now accept the standards and conventions of the whites, manifest more or less superficiality in it and in various respects hark back to the wild, untutored ways of old. I might, here, have been in a primitive settlement of the whites for all outward signs to the contrary.

Evening on Puget Sound.

The Alaskan Northland

I have wondered, often, what, if it ever revisits this mundane sphere, the reflections of the shade of Wm. H. Seward must be anent Alaska. With what acrimony and sarcasm Seward was pursued in 1867, when he dared to arrange for the purchase of what was then Russian America, for $7,200,000 *gold*, when the yellow metal was at a great premium and our knowledge of the region was limited. Icebergs, mountains, and a few fur seals! Where, out of these, were we to obtain an equivalent for such a sum of money?

Notwithstanding the strenuous opposition the deal was consummated and, like all the rest of our national land purchases, beginning with that of Louisiana, it has returned us an hundred fold on the investment and, in reality, a beginning has but been made.

Mr. J. S. McLain, of the Minneapolis *Journal*, in his recent work, *Alaska and the Klondike,* gives some valuable information regarding the country. Since we purchased Alaska the exports from there have amounted to, approximately, $200,000,000. This includes the returns from gold, fish, and furs The merchandise shipments from the United States into Alaska have equalled more than $100,000,000. Mr. McLain says :

> "The average annual product of the salmon fisheries exceeds the original first cost of Alaska by a million dollars, and the total product since Alaska became an American possession will exceed seven times the amount paid by Mr. Seward for the entire district."

Recently the Government has been doing much for Alaska. The United States Geological Survey has been scientifically studying the country and we now have some accurate knowledge of its vast resources; necessary and intelligent legislation has been passed that places the region on a par with our other territories and to a reasonable degree guarantees the honest administration of law and order.

Alaska was discovered in 1741 by Vitus Bering the Dane. The Russian occupancy of Alaska was not one to be proud of, it being replete in arbitrary rule and brutality.

The recent settlement of the boundary dispute, coupled with the

Congressional legislation referred to, has opened a new career for the Alaskan country. Roads, trails, and railways are being projected and constructed, which will in time open all the country to the outside world. Transportation is now the key to Alaska's future, as is easily shown by the experience and prosperity of the Klondike region on the British side of the line.

The average annual gold output for Alaska, including Nome, is from $6,000,000 to $7,500,000; that of its salmon fisheries ranges from $8,000,000 to $11,000,000, and there are also large shipments of halibut, cod, and other varieties of fish.

Alaska will become a great copper producing region, eventually, if what seem to be reliable reports are hereafter proved correct There seems no doubt but that there are extensive and widespread deposits of copper in the territory.

Most of the river valleys and the lower mountain slopes are well timbered with spruce, birch, poplar, willow, hemlock, etc. The alder grows everywhere.

That there are great possibilities for Alaskan agriculture, at least comparatively, is now well authenticated. The ordinary vegetable and small fruit crops grow well in all parts of the territory, and there are very large areas of fine agricultural land in the Tanana, Copper, and other river valleys. Wild hay in these valleys grows to a height of five to eight feet, oats to a height of nine feet, and wheat from five to eight feet.

Alaskan Totem Poles, Ft. Wrangel.

The fuel question has not been as yet so satisfactorily solved as is desirable. There are deposits of coal here and there and good petroleum wells are in operation. Peat seems to be destined to play a part in this matter, and there appears to be plenty of it.

According to Government reports the coal found is of the lignite and bituminous varieties. It is thought that more extensive and systematic examination may develop large areas of good merchantable coal.

It is stated that there are 20,000 white men now resident in Alaska, and that the summer population, which includes laborers in the canneries, mines, etc., numbers 90,000. The country can sustain a very large permanent population. But to the great bulk of humanity now and for years to come the chief interest in Alaska is its wonderful scenery and the coastwise trip from Puget sound. So attractive a tourist trip is this that while a few years ago one steamer accommodated the travel, there are now several lines in operation and a regular procession of steamers, which, during the tourist season, are filled largely with sight-seers from all over the world. These steamers, of various sizes, are stanch, roomy

Chilkat Range, Alaska.

and well appointed; the Spokane, Jefferson, Victoria, Dolphin, and Olympia being some of the larger ones.

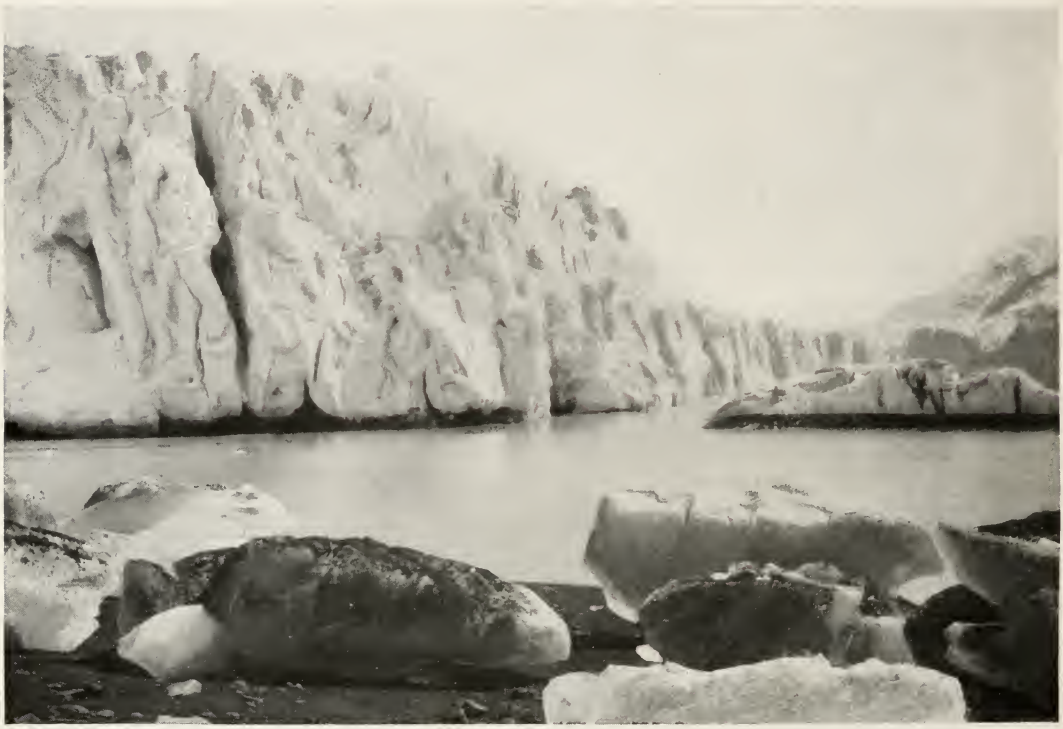
The tourist season proper begins about June 1st and continues to September 1st. The boats thread the "inside" passage, which means that they follow the water lane between the numerous sentinel islands off the coast, and the coast itself, and avoid all rough water and seasickness

The scenic beauties of this tour seem beyond overstatement. All travelers agree as to the grandeur of this northland scenery, and a quotation from one will answer for the impressions of all.

The late Henry Villard was a world traveler. In the evening of his life, after laying aside the cares of business, he revisited, in 1899, the scenes of his former activities in the Northwest, and went on to Alaska. His impressions were printed in letters to the New York *Evening Post* and were then put into pamphlet form from which I quote:

"It may be said without exaggeration that no other part of the earth known to man surpasses Alaska in imposing and beautiful scenery. The most travelled of those who behold the extent and variety of its scenic magnificence and whose souls are open to such appeals of nature will readily admit that they have never seen the like of it, and that nothing they ever saw impressed them so deeply. * * * * * One of the

unique features of Alaska is its remarkable system of natural connected waterways, of sounds, bays and estuaries, channels, canals, straits, and narrows, ranging in length and width from less than one to hundreds of miles. * * * Most captivating of all, however, are the enchanting shore views unfolded, with unceasing change, before the amazed tourist from the beginning to the end of the voyage. The immediate contours of the landscape are formed by tiers of comely hills, rising from the water's edge, all densely clad from top to bottom in the sombreness of Northern evergreens. At more or less distance behind and high above them towers everywhere a mighty background of ranges of much loftier mountains, reaching Alpine heights as huge pyramids, sharp peaks, stupendous walls, and gigantic humps or as long unbroken crests, all more or less capped and ribbed with snow and ice. The perennial verdure of the foreground



Face of Muir Glacier, Alaska, from Steamer Decks.

contrasts startlingly with the desolation of the great ramparts behind, and the whole forms, with the frequent silver bands and threads of waterfalls descending from the heights to the sea, an indescribable picture of singular loveliness and commanding majesty. The mountainous shores, too, open ever and anon into picturesque hill-bound inlets of varying width and indiscernible length, very much like the fjords of Norway.

"But the most remarkable revelations of the tour are the 'frozen waves,' the enormous masses of moving ice, the glaciers, that show their dread countenances in great numbers at the heads of the inlets or hang on the crowns and sides of the snow mountains or fill the gorges between them. A score or more of enormous glaciers, with ice-crusts hundreds of feet thick and stretching back from a few to scores of miles and their bases washed by the sea, may be plainly seen. * * * * * * * More than

Alaska Tourist Steamer "Spokane." Used for First-Class Travel Only.

three thousand ice-fields, a number of them even larger than the Muir, are said to have been counted from the shores and river banks, and nobody knows how many more may be extant in the unexplored interior.

"Such are, briefly sketched, the extraordinary scenic fascinations which the tourists to Alaska enjoy in the fullest measure, and which, I repeat without hesitation, are unsurpassed anywhere on our globe. I feel confident, too, that the time will come within the next generation when the Alaska route will be the most frequented in the world, and when the Alaskan coast will swarm with private yachts, as is now the case of Maine, Scotland, and Norway, during the summer months."

There can be no doubt that this tour will increase in popularity as the years come and go. Steamer accommodations can be engaged through agents of the Northern Pacific railway in the larger cities of the United States.

Pyramid Bay, Chilkat Inlet, Alaska.

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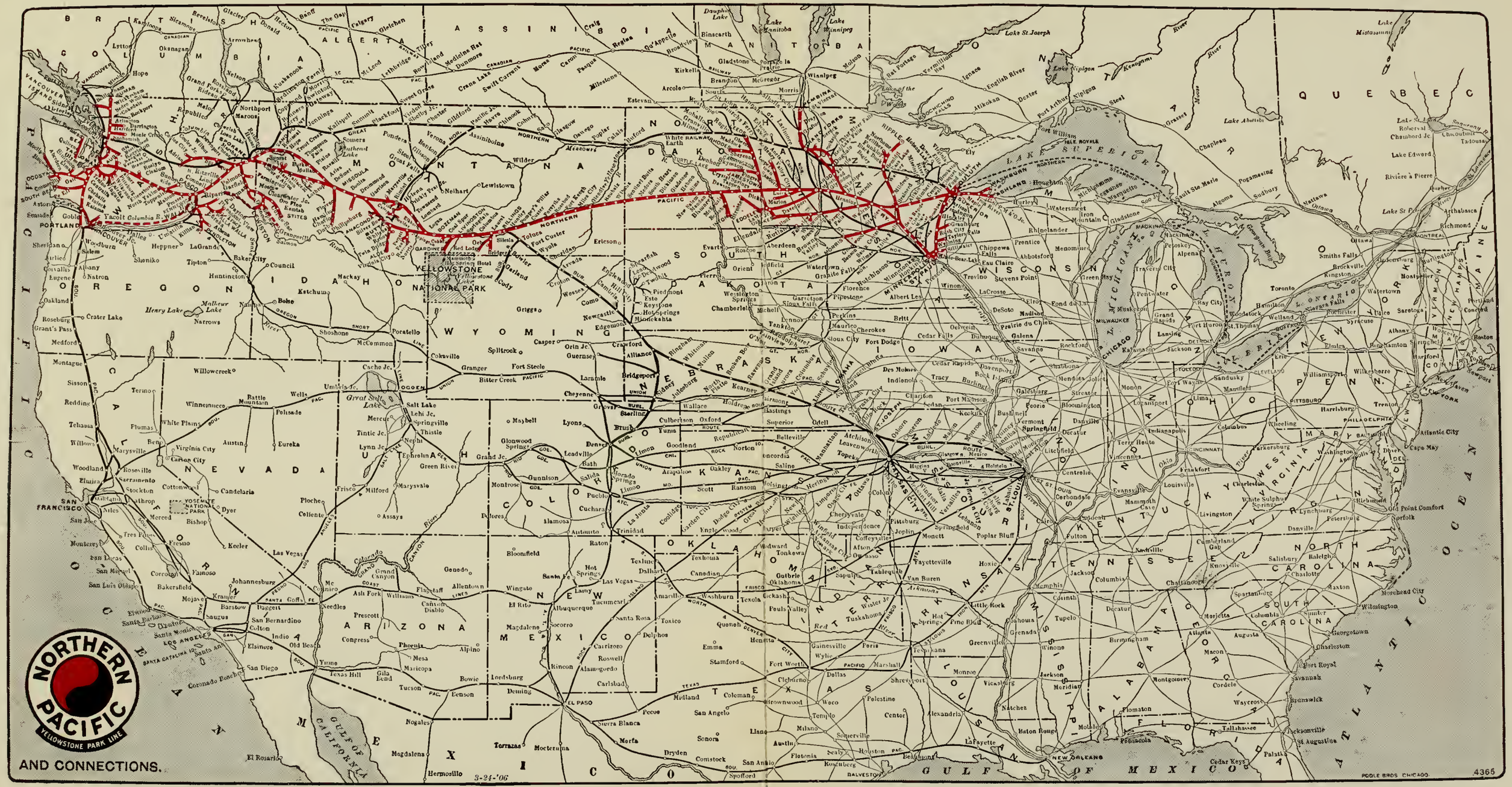
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